

New Shakspeare Society
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Ser. 2 Plays.
No. 123

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN laying this work before the New Shakspeare Society I wish it to be distinctly understood that I claim no credit for originality either of plan or execution.

The plan was suggested by Mr James Spedding, the Editor of Bacon's Works; and at Mr Furnivall's instance I undertook the work, which had indeed been already carried out, for German students, by Professor Tycho Mommsen in his parallel-text edition of the first two quartos of this play, published at Oldenburgh, in 1859. For the execution of it I am mainly indebted to the thorough and independent collations of the early texts contained in Professor Mommsen's book, and in the 'Cambridge Shakspeare' edited by Messrs W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. Without the assistance afforded me by these important works I could not, or certainly would not, have engaged in this task; with it I have been enabled to compile a work which I believe will be found to be useful to the Shaksperian student.

The one object I have endeavoured to keep steadily in view has been the collection in a convenient form of every scrap of material, afforded by the old editions which could possibly aid or be deserving of consideration in the great work of the restoration of Shakspeare's text. And these materials I have endeavoured to free from the utterly useless rubbish which is found in all the old editions. In the text of the quartos here reprinted, no departure from the originals, however obviously corrupt, has knowingly been permitted; in the collations given in the margin, only the corrections and varied readings of the subsequent editions are recorded; the obvious blunders of those editions are excluded except in cases where they have given rise to a plausible variation in a later edition. For instance, in Act I. Sc. i. l. 127, I have not recorded the obvious blunder of Q₃ and Ff. in printing *honour* for *humour*; but the obvious blunder of F₁, Act II. Sc. v. l. 51, in printing *so well* for *not well* is noted, as it accounts for the plausible conjectural emendation of the later Folios, *so ill*. So again, in Act III. Sc. ii. l. 57, *bedawde* (for *bedawbde*) of Q₄ accounts for *bedeaw'd* of Q₅, and has accordingly found a place in my margins. It will be seen however that I have not been severe in the application of this rule, and many varying errors have been admitted, which doubtless might have been rejected. Those who are curious to ascertain the amount of error in the old copies may consult the collations of Mommsen and the Cambridge editors, where they will find many instances of printers' blunders recorded, such as by no possibility could be deserving of a moment's consideration in the settlement of

Lovers in the first part of this scene is much alike in both quartos. So is the latter part of the scene, allowing for omissions in (Q1).

Act IV. Sc. i. At the Friar's cell. In both quartos the first part of this scene, till the exit of Paris, is almost identical. From this point to the end only scattered fragments of what I believe to have been the original play, as given in Q2, are to be found in (Q1).

SHORTENED PASSAGES.

Act I. Sc. i. The Prince's speech when he arrives to part the fray.—The dialogue between Mountague, his wife, and Benvolio. (Benvolio's account of the fray breaks down after the first two lines; but that his description, as given in Q2, was in existence when (Q1) was printed seems manifest when we examine his confused account in (Q1) of the fight in which Mercutio and Tibalt are slain (Act III. Sc. i.). There will be found one of the lines—'While we [they] were enterchaunging thrusts and blows'—which (Q1) here omits. Mountague omits the description of Romeo's melancholy humour, yet his remark—'Black and portentous must this humour prove,' etc., is retained.) Other evidence of shortened representation will be found in the abruptness of the conclusion of this scene in (Q1), together with the absolute agreement of the additional lines, given in Q2, with what had gone before. In Act I. Sc. iii. in the latter part of the scene, Lady Capulet's description of Paris, lines 66—81, was certainly not added in Q2, therefore its non-appearance in (Q1) may fairly be set down as the result of omission.

For the rest the gaps made in the text of (Q1) in arranging it opposite that of Q2 so clearly show the places where omissions are to be looked for, that it is needless to point them out here. I know of no passage of any importance throughout the play which was not probably in existence at the time (Q1) was printed. Here of course reserve must be made for substituted, revised, and slightly augmented passages.

IMPERFECT REPRESENTATION.

Compare in both Quartos, the Prologue, and, in the opening Scene, the dialogue between the Servants up to the actual commencement of the fray, and the summing up in (Q1) of the whole conduct of the fray in a descriptive stage direction. The impression this leaves on me is, that (Q1) is a text carelessly made up from imperfect notes. Other principal passages where this imperfect representation is apparent are Act I. Sc. iv., Mercutio's description of Queen Mab. Act II. Sc. v. Where the Nurse gives an account to Juliet of her embassy. Act III. Sc. i. In which occurs the fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Act III. Sc. ii. In which the Nurse brings the account of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment to Juliet. (It should be however noted, that in this scene the corruptions and omissions are almost exclusively confined to Juliet's speeches; those of the Nurse are nearly perfect. Of the twenty-eight lines given to her in Q2, more than twenty are found in (Q1); and one of the additional lines of Q2—'Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ'—had been already given in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. v.)

Act III. Sc. v. After the departure of Romeo till the entry of Capulet.

Act IV. Sc. ii. to the end of the play. The greater portion of all this is evidently the result of rough notes carelessly made up. Here and there fragments more or less perfect of the original play are noticeable, and some passages (which I shall point out under their proper heading) seem to indicate a radical difference between the original play and that given in Q2. Note, as a particular instance of imperfect rendering, in Act V. Sc. i. Romeo's soliloquy on the Apothecary and his Shop.

PASSAGES POSSIBLY RE-WRITTEN FOR Q2.

Act II. Sc. vi. Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar's cell to be married.

Act IV. Sc. v. The lamentations over the supposed dead body of Juliet.

Act V. Sc. iii. l. 12—17. Paris' address before the tomb of Juliet.

The essential differences between the two quartos in these passages cannot be accounted for as the result of imperfect note-taking during the performance. If they really existed in the original play in anything like the form they present in (Q1) they must have been re-written for Q2.

EVIDENCE OF REVISION OF THE 'COPY' FROM WHICH Q2 WAS PRINTED.

Proofs of this revision will be found throughout the Play; but here I shall content myself with giving two instances, the whole evidence for which will be found in the parallel texts, and which, as they admit of no doubt, will best serve the purpose of directing attention to this peculiarity of Q2. Act II. Sc. iii. lines 1—4. 'The grey eyde morne,' etc. Both quartos begin this scene with these four lines; but on comparison it will be seen that (Q1) has the better version: if, now, the reader will cast his eye higher up the page of Q2 he will find a third version of these four lines inserted in the midst of Romeo's last speech in the preceding scene. How did it come there? Evidently this third version was intended by the author as a substitute for the inferior version that (by the carelessness of the transcriber) had got into the 'copy' prepared for the printer of Q2; it was written on the margin, or on a paper attached to it. By an oversight, however, the original lines in the 'copy' were not struck through; and by a blunder the printer misplaced the revision where we now see it.

Act III. Sc. iii. lines 38—45. The admirable confusion these lines present in Q2 is here clearly the result of the revision of the 'copy' from which it was printed. The text of that copy must in the first instance have been identical with that presented by (Q1), which I here print in roman type, placing in the margin, in italics, the additions and revisions made on the 'copy' for Q2. I have also numbered the lines in the order it was intended they should appear.

1. And steale immortall kisses from her lips;

blessing

4. But Romeo may not, he is banished.

2. *Who euen in pure and vestall modestie*

3. *Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.*

(5) Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye. 5. *This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,*
6. *They are freemen but*
I am banished.

7. *And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?*

In the first line *blessing* was properly substituted for *kisses*; lines 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should then alone have been introduced; but the printer took all the four lines (2, 3, 5, 7) which he found on the right-hand margin of his 'copy' and inserted them together, allowing the cancelled line (5), for which the marginal line 5 is a substitute, to remain in the text. Line 6, I must suppose, got into its proper place from having been written on the opposite margin.

For some other special instances of this revision I must refer the reader to the notes to my revised text of the Play. Act I. Sc. i. l. 122, 123, Sc. iv. l. 62—64; Act III. Sc. ii. l. 85, 87, Sc. v. l. 177—181; Act IV. Sc. i. l. 95—98, 110; Act V. Sc. iii. l. 102, 103, 107.

I have now only to add a few words in explanation of the plan of this work. Q₂ is printed page for page and line for line with the original. The Acts and Scenes are numbered in the margin in accordance with the division of the 'Cambridge' and most modern editions. The lines of the text are numbered separately for each scene, but as printers' lines, it not being possible in this reprint to number them metrically.

(Q₁), which is nearly one quarter less than Q₂, (Q₁ has 2232 lines, including Prologue; Q₂, 3007), has necessarily been printed with gaps in the text in order to bring the parallel passages of the two quartos as nearly opposite each other as possible. It is, however, printed line for line with the original, and the commencement of each page is marked with an asterisk.

The system I have adopted for the marginal notes is founded on that of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare,' and will present no difficulty to those accustomed to that edition. Q stands for Quarto; Q_q. for the agreement of Q₃, 4, 5; F for Folio; Ff. for the agreement of all the Folios. Only those quartos and folios are mentioned which differ from the text of Q₂. To save space where the difference between the text of Q₂ and other editions is merely a matter of punctuation, I have given the notes of punctuation within brackets, thus, Act I. Sc. i. l. 23, '*maids*.' [?] Ff. [!] Q₅.' signifies that the Folios instead of a period have a note of interrogation after *maids* and Q₅ a note of exclamation. It is of course only in passages where the sense is affected that I have taken notice of the punctuation.

The Society is much indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens for the loan of his valuable facsimiles (Ashbee's) of the Quarto editions, the temporary possession of which has greatly facilitated my task.

P. A. DANIEL.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Parallel Text Edition of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND THE FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.



A N
 EXCELLENT
 conceited Tragedie
O F
 Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause)
 plaid publicquely, by the right Ho-
 nourable the L. of *Hunfdon*
 his Seruants.



LONDON,
 Printed by Iohn Danter.

1 5 9 7.

THE
M O S T E X =
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of Romeo
and *Iuliet*.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended :*

As it hath bene fundry times publicquely acted, by the
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to
be fold at his shop neare the Exchange.

1599.

The Prologue.

T*Wo household Friends alike in dignitie,
 (In faire Verona, where we lay out Seene)
 From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
 Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
 A paire of starre-croft Louers tooke their life :
 Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,*

*(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
 And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)*

*Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
 The which if you with patient eares attend,
 What here we want wee'l studie to amend.*

The Prologue.

Corus.

This Prologue is omitted
in the Folio editions.

Chorus. Qq.

Two households both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)
 From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
 4 where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane :
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
 A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life :
 whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
 8 Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.
 The fearfull passage of their death-markt loue,
 And the continuance of their Parents rage :
 which but their childrens end nought could remoue :
 12 Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
 The which if you with patient eares attend,
 what heare shall misse, our toyle shall striue to mend.

14. heare] here Qq.

A 2

[In this column the beginning of each page of the original edition of (Q^r) is marked with an asterisk.]

The most excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.

I. 1.

- G** *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
 2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
 1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
 2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
 the collar.
 1 I frike quickly being moou'd.
 2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to frike.
 1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.
 2 To mooue is to firre, and to bee valiant is to stand
 to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
 runne away.
 1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
 the wall of.
 2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakeft goes
 to the wall.
 1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
 wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
 see I am a tall peece of flesh.
 2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
 wouldst be but poore Iohn.
 1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
 off with their heads.

4

8

12

16

20

2 The

THE MOST EX- cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

[THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO and IULIET.
Actus Primus. Scœna
Prima] Ff.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I. 1.

*Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the
house of Capulet.*

Samp. Gregorie, on my word wee le not carrie Coles.

Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, wee le draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.

Samp. I strike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moues me.

*Grego. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.*

Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:

*I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mounta-
gues.*

*Grego. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes
to the wall.*

*Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessells
are euer thrust to the wall: therfore I wil push Mountagues men
from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.*

*Greg. The quarell is betweene our maisters, and vs their
men.*

*Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue
fought with the men, I will be ciuill with the maides, I will cut
off their heads.*

A 3

Grego. The

1. on] A F1, 2, 3. a F4.

3. and] if Ff.

4. of choller] of the collar
Q4, 5. (collar Q5.) o' th
Collar Ff. (o' th F3, 4.)

13. a weake slaue,] weak
slave, F2, 3. weak, Slave,
F4.

15. Tis true] True Ff.
weaker] weakest F3, 4.

21. ciuill] ciuill Q3, F1.
ciuill F2. cruell Q4, 5.
ciuil F3, 4.
I will cut] and cut Ff.

*

2 The heads of the maids?

1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,
take it in what fence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in fence that fcele it, but heere
comes two of the *Mountagues*.

24

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our fide, let them begin
firft. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

36

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

40

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i't at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our fide?

2 No.

44

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i't at vs?

Enter Beneuolio.

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinfman.

52

*They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the
Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and
his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince:

Grego. The heads of the maids.

24 Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sence that feele it.

28 Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore Iohn: draw thy tooles, here comes of the house of Mountagues.

Enter two other serving men.

32 Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

36 Sam. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.

40 Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs fir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe fir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs fir?

Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?

44 Greg. No.

Samp. No fir, I do not bite my thumbe at you fir, but I bite my thumbe fir.

Greg. Do you quarell fir?

48 Abra. Quarell fir, no fir.

Sā. But if you do fir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well fir.

Enter Benuolio.

52 Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

Sam. Yes better fir.

Abra. You lie.

56 Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing blowe.

They fight.

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter

23. maids.] [?] Ff. [1] Q5.

26. sense] in sense Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

30. Mountagues] the Mountagues Ff.

33. How.] [?] Ff. backe] [,] Ff. [;] F2. runne?] [,] Ff, 2.

35. thee.] [1] Q5.

39. is] is a Qq. Ff.

43. of] on Q5.

48. sir.] [?] Ff.

49. But if] If Ff.

50. better.] [?] Ff.

53. sir] om. Ff.

55. washing] swashing Q4, 5.

Prince: Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,

On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.

80

Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our ftreets,

84

If euer you disturbe our ftreets againe,

Your

Enter Tibalt.

60 *Tibalt.* What art thou drawne among these hartlesse hindes ?
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword,
or manage it to part these men with me.

64 *Tib.* What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partifons, strike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

68 *Capu.* What noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And florishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

72 *Mount.* Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. Wife. 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellois subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned Steele,
76 Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beafts:

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines:

80 On paine of torture from those bloudie hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.

Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,

84 Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Neronas* aunient Citizens,

Cast by their graue befeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,

88 Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

63. drawne] draw Ff.

[Fight] Ff.

[or partysons] om. Ff.

69. crowch] crutch Ff. Q5.

70. My] A F4.

72. Capulet, hold] Capulet.

Hold Ff. Capulet: hold

Q5.

73. M. Wife. 2.] 2. Wife.

Ff.

one] a Ff.

79. torture . . . hands,]

Torture, . . . hands Ff,

2, 3, Q5. torture, . . .

hands, Q4.

those] these F2, 3, 4.

80. mistempered] mistem-

per'd Ff. Q5.

82. brawles] Broyles Ff.

85. Neronas] Verona's Qq.

Ff.

* Your liues shall pay the ranfome of your fault :
 For this time euery man depart in peace.
 Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
 And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
 To know our farther pleasure in this cafe,
 To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
 Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who fet this auncient quarrel first abroach ?
 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?

Benuo: Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach.

Wife: Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipt funne
 Peept through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled thought drew me from companie :
 Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
 That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,
 So early walking might I see your sonne.
 I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
 And drew into the thicket of the wood :
 I noting his affections by mine owne,
 That most are buied when th'are most alone,
 Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun:

Your liues fhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the reft depart away :
 92 You *Capulet* fhall go along with me,
 And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
 To know our farther pleafure in this cafe :
 To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place :
 96 Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who fet this auncient quarell new abroad ?
 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?

Ben. Here were the feruants of your aduerfarie
 100 And yours, clofe fighting ere I did approach,
 I drew to part them, in the instant came

The fierie *Tybalt*, with his fword preparte,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
 104 He fwoong about his head and cut the windes,
 Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in fcorne :
 While we were enterchaunging thrufts and blowes,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 108 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, faw you him to day ?
 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worfhipp Sun,
 112 Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaft,
 A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
 Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
 That Weftward rooteth from this Citie fide :

116 So early walking did I fee your fonne,
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And ftole into the couert of the wood,
 I meafuring his affections by my owne,

120 Which then moft fought, where moft might not be
 Being one too many by my wearie felfe, (found :
 Purfued my humor, not purfuing his,
 And gladly fhunned, who gladly fled from me.

124 *Mounta.* Many a morning hath he there bin feene,

With

94. farther] *Fathers* Q3,
 F1, 2, 3. *Father's* F4.
 further Q5.

104. swoong] *swong* Qq. Ff.

110. I am] *am I* Qq. Ff.

113. driue] *druue* Qq. Ff.

114. Syramour] *sycamore*
 Q5. *sycamour* Ff.

120. sought,] [] om. Q5.

123. shunned] *shunn'd* Ff.
 Q5.

Moun: Black and portentious must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

136

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
He know his griuance, or be much denied.

*

Moun: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

Benuo: Good morrow Cofen.

Romeo: Is the day so young?

Ben: But new stroke nine.

Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben: It was, what forrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

152

156

Rom:

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
 Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe sighes,
 But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
 128 Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
 The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
 Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
 And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
 132 Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
 And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
 Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
 Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

136 *Ben.* My Noble Vncle do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,

140 But he is owne affections counsellor,

Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)

But to himselfe so secret and so close,

So farre from founding and discouerie,

144 As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,

Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,

Or dedicate his bewtie to the fame.

Could we but learne from whence his forrows grow,

148 We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
 Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,
 152 To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.

Romeo. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
 156 Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

B

Rom. Not

125. *mornings*] *morning*
 F3. 4.

127. *alcheering*] *all cheer-*
ing Qq. *all-cheering* Ff.

134. *portendous*] *portentous*
 F2, 3, 4.

139. *other*] *others* Fx.

140. *is*] *his* Qq. Ff.

Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

Ben: In loue.

(short.

160

Ro: Out.

Ben: Of loue.

Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

164

Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will :
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?

168

Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue,
Why then, O bawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!

172

O heaue lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

176

This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cofe I rather weepe.

Rom: Good hart at what?

180

Ben: At thy good hearts opprefion.

Ro: Why fuch is loues transgreffion,

*

Griefes of mine owne lie heaue at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them preft
With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:

184

Loue is a smoke raifde with the fume of fighes

Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:

188

Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.

What is it else? A madnes most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preferuing sweet. Farewell Cofe.

192

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.

And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

Ro:

160	<p>Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thē short. Ben. In loue. Rom. Out. Ben. Of loue. Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.</p>	<p>160. <i>In loue.</i>] [?] Q5. 162. <i>Of loue.</i>] [?] Q5.</p>
164	<p>Ben. Alas that loue fo gentle in his view, Should be fo tyrannous and rough in prooffe. Romeo. Alas that lone, whose view is muffled still, Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will :</p>	
168	<p>Where shall we dine ? ô me ! what fray was here ? Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all : Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue : Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,</p>	
172	<p>O any thing of nothing first created : O heaue lightnesse, ferious vanitie, Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes, Feather of lead, bright fmoke, cold fier, ficke health,</p>	<p>172. <i>created</i>] <i>create</i> F2, 3, 4.</p>
176	<p>Still waking sleepe that is not what it is. This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this, Doeft thou not laugh ? Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.</p>	<p>174. <i>welseeing</i>] <i>welseeing</i> Q4 F2. <i>well seeming</i> Q5. <i>well-seeming</i> F3, 4.</p>
180	<p>Rom. Good hart at what ? Benu. At thy good harts oppreffion. Romeo. Why such is louses transgression :</p>	
184	<p>Griefes of mine owne lie heaue in my breast, Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preast, With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne, Doth ad more grieffe, too too much of mine owne.</p>	<p>183. <i>mine</i>] <i>my</i> Q4, 5. 184. <i>propogate</i>] <i>propagate</i> Q4. Ff.</p>
188	<p>Loue is a fmoke made with the fume of sighes, Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies, Being vext, a fea nourisht with louing teares, What is it else ? a madnesse, most discreete,</p>	<p>186. <i>too too</i>] <i>to too</i> Q4. Ff. 187. <i>with</i>] <i>of</i> F4.</p>
192	<p>A choking gall, and a preferuing sweete : Farewell my Coze. Ben. Soft I will go along : And if you leaue me fo, you do me wrong.</p>	

But

Ro: Tut I haue loft my felfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's fome other where.

195

Ben: Tell me in fadnes whome she is you loue?

Ro: What fhall I grone and tell thee?

Ben: Why no, but fadly tell me who.

Ro: Bid a fickman in fadnes make his will.

200

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is fo ill.

In fadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.

Ben: I aimde fo right, when as you faid you lou'd.

Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

204

Ben: A right faire marke faire Cofe is fooneft hit.

Ro: But in that hit you miffe, shee'le not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,

And in strong prooffe of chafitie well arm'd:

208

Gainft *Cupids* childifh bow she liues vn harm'd,

Shee'le not abide the fiedge of louing tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,

212

Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when she dies with beautie dies her store.

Exeu.

- 196 *Rom.* Tut I haue loft my felfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees fome other where.
Ben. Tell me in fadneffe, who is that you loue?
Ro. What fhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but fadly tell me who?
200 *Ro.* A ficke man in fadneffe makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is fo ill:
In fadneffe Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde fo neare, when I fupposde you lou'd.
204 *Ro.* A right good mark man, and shees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is fooneft hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miffe, sheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
208 And in strong prooffe of chaffitie well armd,
From loues weak childifh bow she liues vncharmd.
Shee will not stay the fiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of affailling eies.
212 Nor ope her lap to faint deducing gold,
O she is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
That when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.
Ben. Thē she hath fworn, that she wil stil liue chaste?
216 *Ro.* She hath, and in that fparing, make huge waffe:
For bewtie steru'd with her feueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wife, wisely too faire,
220 To merit bliffe by making me dispaire:
Shee hath forfworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulse by me, forget to thinke of her.
224 *Ro.* O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquifit) in question more,
228 These happie masks that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

195. *Tut*] *But* F3, 4.

199. *me who?*] *me who:*
Q4. *me who.* F1, 2, 3,
Q5. *me, who.* F4.
200. *A . . . makes*] *Bid a*
... *make* Q4, 5. *A . . .*
in good sadness makes
F2, 3, 4.
201. *A word*] *O, word* F2,
3, 4.
204. *markman*] *marks-man*
F3, 4.

213. *rich, in bewtie*] *rich*
in beauty, Qq. Ff.216. *make*] *makes* F2, 3, 4,
Q4, 5.
217. *steru'd*] *staru'd* F4.219. *is too*] *is to* Q4.
wise, wisely] *wisewi: sely*
F1. *wise wisely* F2.228. *These*] *Those* F3, 4.229. *puts*] *put* Q5, F3, 4.230. *strooken*] *strucken* Q5,
F3, 4.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

I. 2.

* Of honorable reckoning are they both,
And pittie tis they liue at ods fo long :
But leauing that, what fay you to my fute ?

4

Capu: What should I fay more than I faid before,
My daughter is a ftranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares :
Let two more fommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

8

Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.

12

Cap: But too foone marde are thefe fo early married :

But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her content is but a part.

16

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feaft,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueft,
Such as I loue : yet you among the store,
One more moft welcome makes the number more.
At my poore houle you shall behold this night,
Earth tredding ftars, that make darke heauen light :
Such comfort as doo lufly youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen fuch delights
Amongft fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my houle, heare all, all fee,

20

24

28

And

- 232 The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
 Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,
 What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
 Where I may reade who past that passing faire :
 Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,
- 236 *Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*
 I. 2. *Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*
Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
 In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
 For men so old as we to keepe the peace.
- 4 *Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both,
 And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long :
 But now my Lord, what say you to my sute ?
- 8 *Capu.* But saying ore what I haue said before,
 My child is yet a straunger in the world,
 Shee hath not seene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
 Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
- 12 *Pari.* Younger then she, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made :
 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
 Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth :
- 16 But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
 My will to her consent, is but a part.
 And shee agreed, within her scope of choise
 Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce :
- 20 This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
 Whereto I haue inuited many a guest :
 Such as I loue, and you among the store,
 One more, most welcome makes my number more :
- 24 At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
 Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light :
 Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
 When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
- 28 Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
 Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house, heare all, all see :
- And

ACT I. SCENE 2.

1. *Buf*] om. Q3, Ff. *And*
 Q4, 5.

14. *Earth*] *The earth*
 Q4, 5. *Earth up* F2, 3, 4.
swallowed] *swallow'd* Q5.
 15. *Shees*] *Shee's* F1. *She*
is Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

18. *agreed*] *agree* Qq. Ff.

29. *fennell*] *Female* F2,
 3, 4.

And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

32

Enter Seruingman.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire Verona streets, and seeke them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

36

Exeunt.

* Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here,
and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to
the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as
the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker
with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher
with his Penfill, I must to the learned.

40

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be help with backward turning,
One desperate grieve cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

44

48

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

52

Ben: Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

56

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

60

Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.

Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He

And like her most, whose merit most shall bee :
 32 Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckning none.
 Come go with me, go firrah trudge about,
 Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
 36 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the taylor with his last, the fisher with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

44 *Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
 On paine is lefth by an others anguish,
 Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning :
 One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish :
 48 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee ?

52 *Romeo.* For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is :
 Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,

56 Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read ?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke :

60 But I pray can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

32. one more view,] (*veiw*
Q3. F1.) on more view
Q4. 5.

42. here] om. Ff.

44. out,] [,] om. Qq. Ff.

45. On] One Qq. Ff.

48. thy eye] the eye Qq. Ff.

56. Godden] Good-e'en F4.

57. Godgigoden] God g^e
 Good-e'en F4.

59. learned] learn'd Ff.

He reads the Letter.

S *Eigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vncler Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and Liuia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cousen Tibalt, Lucio and the liuelie Hellena.*

64

68

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.

Ro: Whether to supper?

72

Ser: To our house.

Ro: Whose house?

Ser: My Masters.

Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

76

Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest

Ben: At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*, [you merrie. Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:

80

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

84

And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,

And these who often drown'd could neuer die,

88

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers

One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,

92

Her selfe poyrd with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide

That I will shew you shining at this feast,

96

And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Ile goe along no such fight to be showne,

But

He reads the Letter.

64 **S**aigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Countie Anfelme
and his bewtious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur
Placentio, and his louely Neece: Mercutio and his brother Va-
68 lentine: mine Vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece
Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cosen Tybalt: Lucio
and the liuely Hellena.*

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

72 Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

76 Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great
rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I
pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

80 Ben. At this same aunient feast of *Capulets*,

Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,

84 Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,

Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:

88 And these who often drownde, could neuer die,

Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue, the all seeing Sun,

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

92 Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,

Her selfe payd with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Christall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladies loue against some other maide:

96 That I will shew you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such fight to be showne,

64. daughters] daughter Ff.
Anselme] Anselme Qq.
Ff. 2. Anselm F3, 4.
65. Vtruuio] Vitruvio
F3, 4.

72, 73. Whither to supper?
Ser. To] Whither to
supper. Ser? To Q3.
Whither to supper. Ser.
To Q4. Whither? to
supper? Ser. To Ff. Q5.

[Exit.] Ff.

81. loves] lovest F2, 3, 4,
Q5.

90. love.] [?] Q3, 4. [:] Ff.
[!] F2, 3, 4. Q5.

92. Tut] Tut Tut F2.
Tut, tut F3, 4.

97. seemes] shewes Qq.
Ff. 2. shews F3, 4.

But

* But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

Wife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

I. 3.

Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. Wher's this girle? what Iuliet.*

4

Enter Iuliet.

4

Iuliet: How now who cal's?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

W: This is the matter. Nurce giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

8

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

12

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?*

16

Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-houfe wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine; But as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houfe twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is aleauen yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue waddled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with*

20

24

28

32

his

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

I. 3. *Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

1 *Nurse.* Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her
come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,

4 *Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

8 *Wife.* This is the matter. Nurse giue leau a while, we must talk
in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred mee,
thou'f'e heare our counfel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pre-
tie age.

12 *Nurse.* Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it
spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.

16 *How long is it now to Lammas tide?*

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at
night, *stall* she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian foules,
were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But
as I said, on Lammas Eue at night, shall she be fourteene, that shall
shee marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now
eleuen yeares, and she was weaned Ineuer shall forget it, of all the daies
24 of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my
dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and
you were then at Mantua, nay I doo beare a braine. But as I said,
when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and
28 felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge.
Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge:
and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand hylone,
nay byth roode she could haue run and waddled all about: for euen
32 the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God bewith
his

ACT I. SCENE 3.

2. yeare] yeeres Q5. years
F4.

10. our] my F4.
knowest] know'st Q5.

14. teene] teeth F2, 3, 4.

19. stal] shall Qq. Ff.

21. that] then Q4, 5.

24. of the] in the Q5, F3, 4.

30. a leuen] a eleuen F1.
eleuen F2, 3, 4, Q5.
hylone] a lone Q3. alone
The rest.

31. byth] bi'th Q3, 4. bi'th
F1, 2, 3. byth' Q5, F4.

his foule, hee was a merrie man :
 Dost thou fall forward, Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when
 thou hast more wit : wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my hollid- 35
 am, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a
 ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hun-
 dred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet?
 and by my troth she fainted and cried I.

Iuliet : And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.

Nurce : *Well* goe thy waies, God marke thee for his 48
 grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nursed, might
 I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Wife : And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame 52
 I meant to talke of: Tell me Iuliet, howe stand you af-
 fected to be married?

Iul : It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce : *An honor!* were not I thy onely Nurce, I 48
 would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy Teat.

Wife : Well girle, the Noble Countie Paris seekes 56
 thee for his Wife.

Nurce : *A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all*
the world, why he is a man of waxe.

Wife : *Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.*

Nurce : *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Wife :

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and ſaid I: to ſee now how aieaſt ſhall come about: I warrant, and I ſhould liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie ſoole it ſinted, and ſaid I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, and ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels ſtone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not Iule? It ſinted, and ſaid I.

Iuli. And ſint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettiest babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuliet, How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teate.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Here in Verona, Ladies of eſteeme, Are made alreadie mothers by my count. I was your mother, much vpon thee yeares That you are now a maide, thus then in brieſe: The valiant Paris ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of ware.

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay hees a flower, in ſaith a very flower.

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt, Reade ore the volume of young Paris face,

35. Iule] Iulet F2, 3.
Iuliet F4.

37. and I should] and I
shall Q4. F1, 2.

38. Iule] Iulet F1, 2, 3.
Iuliet F4.

41. upon] on Q5.
it brow] its brow F3, 4.

44. Iule] Iulet F2, 3. Ju-
liet F4.

46. stint thou] stent thou
F3. stint thee F4.
47. too] to F2, 3, 4. Q5.

51. Iuliet] Iulet F2, 3.

52. dispositions] disposition
Ff.

53. It is] 'Tis F3, 4.

houre] hour F3, 4.

54. houre] hour F3, 4.

thine] om. Q4, 5.

say] say that F3, 4.

55. wisdome] thy wisdome
Q4, 5.

58. mothers by my count.]
[.] Q4, [.] Q5 mothers.
By my count Ff. (count,
F2, 4.)

62. world.] [.] Q3, 5 [—]
F4.

68. Paris] Paris's F4.

And

[Enter Clowne] catch-
word.

*

Wife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your content giues strength to make it flie.

84

[Enter Clowne.]

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,
the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extremitie,
make hast for I must be gone to waite.*

88

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

I. 4.

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.

4

But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

8

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, *Beeing*

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And fee how one an other lends content ·
72 And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound loue,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.

76 The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide :
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie :
80 So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue ?

84 *Iuli.* Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,

Then your consents giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

88 *Ser.* Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald,
my young Lady askt for, the *Nurse* curst in the Pantrie, and e-
uerie thing in extremitie : I must hence to wait, I beseech you
follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

92 *Nur.* Go gyrl, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

I. 4. *Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or sixe other

Masks, torchbearers.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?
Or shall we on without appologie ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
4 Wee haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.

8 But let them measure vs by what they will,
Wee measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

C

Being

70. married] severall Qq.
Ff.

77. faire, within] [,] om.
Qq. Ff.

78. manies] many Q5.

82. bigger] [,] Ff.

86. make] make it Q4. 5.
F2, 3. 4.
[Enter a Seruing man.] Ff.

[Exit.] Ff.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

4. hudwinckt] hood-winckt
Q4, 5; F4. hood winkt
F1, 2, 3.

Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing fhooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

12

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

28

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the fenceles rufhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phrafe,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

36

Mer: Tut dun's the mouse, the Cunstable's old word,
If thou bee'st Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stick'st.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

40

* *Rom:* Nay thats not so. *Mer:* I meane fir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits

44

Three

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gētle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

12 *Ro.* Not I beleene me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stokes me to the ground I cannot moue.

13. *soule*] *soale* Fr. *sole*
F2, 3, 4.

16 *Mer.* You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And fore with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
To fore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,

17. *enpearced*] *impearced*
F2, 3. *impierced* F4.
18. *so bound,*] *to bound:*
Fr, 4. *to bond:* F2, 3.

20 Vnder loues heauie birthen do I fincke.

Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

21. *Horatio.*] *Hora.* Ff.
Mercu. Q4. *Mer.* Q5.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
24 Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.

24. *boystrous*] *boysterous*
Q3, 5, Ff.
and] om. F3, 4.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,

28 A vifor for a vifor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.

29. *cote*] *quote* Qq. Ff.

Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
32 But euery man betake him to his legs.

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles:

For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phrafe,
36 Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.

35. *graunsire*] *Grandsier*
Ff. (-*sire* F4.)

Mer. Tut, duns the mousē, the Constables own word
If thou art dun, wee draw thee from the mire
40 Or faue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

37. *dum*] *dun* Qq. *done*
Fr, 2, 3. *Dun* F4.

39. *mire*] [.] Ff. [.] Q5.

40. *Or saue you reuerence*] (*your* Ff.) *Or, saue your reuerence*, F4.

42. *Nay*] om. Q4, 5.

43. *sir in delay*] *sir in delay*, Q4, 5. *sir I delay*, Fr. *sir I, delay*, F2. *sir I delay*, F3. *sir, I delay*, F4.

44. *lights lights*] *lights, lights*, Ff.

45. *indgement*] *judgement* Qq. Ff.

Ro. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane fir in delay

44 We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indgement fits,

Fiue

Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske :
But tis no wit to goe.

Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske ?

Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer: And so did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours ?

Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.

Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things

Mer: Ah then I fee Queene Mab hath bin with you.

Ben: Queene Mab whats she ?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come

In fhape no bigger than an Aggat stone

On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,

Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,

Athwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.

Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,

The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,

The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,

The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,

Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,

Not halfe so big as is a little worme,

Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,

And in this fort she gallops vp and downe

Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue :

O're Courtiers knees : who strait on curfies dreame

O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait :

Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are :

Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,

And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,

Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,

And then dreames he of another benefice :

Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,

And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,

Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,

Of healthes fue fadome deepe, and then anon

Drums in his eare : at which he startes and wakes,

And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.

This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,

And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,

This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horfes in

And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttish haire,

Which once vntangled much misfortune breeds.

Rom :

*

48

52

56

60

64

68

72

76

80

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aske ?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Ro. Well what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Ro. In bed asleep while they do dream things truē.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you :

She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger the
an Agot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with
a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep : her
waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs: the couer, of the wings
of Grafhoppers, her traces of the finallest spider web, her collors
of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the
lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not
half so big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hafel nut, Made by the Ioyner
squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers :
and in this state she gallops night by night, throgh louers brains,
and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame
on Curfies frait, ore Lawyers fingers who frait dreame on fees,
ore Ladies lips who frait one kisses dream, which oft the angrie
Mab with bliflers plagues, because their breath with sweete
meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose,
and then dreames he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes
she with a tithepigs tale, tickling a Perfons nose as a lies asleepe,
then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore
a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,
of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades : Of healths fiue fadome
deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he starts and
wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a praier or two & sleeps
again: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the
night : and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haire, which
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

57. an Agot stone] an Agat stone Qq. an Agat-stone Ff. (an om. Ff. 2.)
58. ottamie] atomies Qq. Ff.

59. spokes] spoke's F3, 4.
60. traces] Trace F3, 4.
spider] Spiders Ff. Q5.
collors] collors Qq. coul-
lers Ff. collars F2, 3, 4.
62. Philome] filme F2, 3, 4.
grey coated] gray-coated Ff. 3.

63. lazie finger] Lazie-finger Ff. 3.

64. man] woman F2, 3, 4.

65. amind] a mind Q3, 4.
Ff. 2. of mind Q5, F3, 4.

67. Courtiers] Countries F2, 3, 4.

69. one] on Qq. Ff.

71. Sometime] sometimes Q5.

73. with a] with Ff.
Persons] Parsons Qq. Ff.
(Parson's F4.)
a lies] he lies F2, 3, 4.

77. eare] eares Ff.

80. Elklocks] Elfstocks Q4,
5, F2, 3, 4.

81. untangled] entangled F3. intangled F4.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreames,

Which are the Children of an idle braine,

Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,

Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,

And more inconstant than the winde,

Which wooes euen now the frose bowels of the north,

And being angred puffed away in haste,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

(felues.

Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date

With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme

Of a dispised life, clofde in this breast,

By some vntimelie forfet of vile death :

* But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen,

88

92

96

100

104

I. 5.

Enter

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to beare,
84 Making them women of good carriage :
This is she.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

88 *Mer.* True, I talke of dreames :
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie :
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
92 And more inconstant then the wind who woos,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North :
And being angered puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

96 *Ben.* This wind you talk of, blows vs from our felues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
100 Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest :
By some vile fofreit of vntimely death.

104 But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my fute, on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with
Napkins.*

I. 5.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helps not to take away ?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher ?

1 And they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, saue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and

8 *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

85. *sh.*] [-] Fa, 3, 4.

92. *inconstant*] *unconstant*
Q5, F3, 4.

103. *fofreit*] *forfeit* Qq. Ff.

104. *stirrage*] *steerage* Q5,
F4.

.. with their napkins.] Ff.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

[Enter Seruant.] Ff.

3. *all*] om. Ff.

5. *ioynstooles*] Hyphened
Q5, F3, 4.
Court-cubbert] *court-cub-*
bord F1, 2, 3. *court-cup-*
board Q5, F4.

7. *loves*] *lovest* Ff.

2. I Boy

Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistrefles,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
(come,

16

More lights you knaues, & turn thefe tables vp,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah firra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cofen *Capulet*:
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

28

Cof: By Ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at least.

32

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some five and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

36

Cof: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

40

Rom:

2. I boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and fought for in the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you :

Ah my mistresses, which of you all

Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,

She Ile swear hath Corns : am I come neare ye now ?

Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day

That I haue worne a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :

Such as would please : tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,

You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.

Musick plays and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,

More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp :

And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.

Ah firrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well :

Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dauncing dayes :

How long ist now since last your selfe and I

Were in a maske ?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,

Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio* :

Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will,

Some fife and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder fir :

His sonne is thirtie.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that ?

His sonne was but a ward 2 . yeares ago.

C 3

Romeo. What

10. and cald] cald F3, 4.

12. 3.] 1. Ff.

16. Ah my] Ah me, F2,
3, 4.

23. gentlemen come,] gen-
tlemen, come Qq. Ff.

24. A hall, a hall,] A
Hall, Hall, Ff.

25. you] ye F2, 3, 4.

32. Berlady] By'r lady F4.

34. Lucientio:] Lucientio,
Q3, 4. Lucentio, F1,
3, 4. Lucentio. F2.

39. 1. Capu.] 3 Cap. Ff.

40. 2.] two Qq. Ff.

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O thee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!

44

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vsē, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.

48

*

The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forswear it fight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

52

Tib: This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

56

Ca: Why how now Cofen, wherfore storme you so.

60

Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?

64

Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*.

(man,

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-

And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

68

72

Beare a faire preface, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeeming semblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

76

Ile

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir.

44 Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night:

As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,

Bewtie too rich for vs, for earth too deare:

48 So shoues a snowie Doue trooping with Crows,

As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shoues:

The meafure done, Ile watch her place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

52 Did my hart loue till now, forfwear it fight,

For I nere saw true bewtie till this night.

Tibal. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.

Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue

56 Come hither couerd with an anticque face,

To fleere and fcorne at our solemnitie?

Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,

To strike him dead, I hold it not a fin.

60 Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme

Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you so?)

A villaine that is hither come in spight,

To fcorne at our solemnitie this night.

64 Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.

Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.

Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,

A beares him like a portly Gentleman:

68 And to fay truth, *Verona* brags of him,

To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,

I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,

Here in my house do him disparagement:

72 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,

An illbecseeming semblance for a feast.

76 Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

41. Ladies] *Ladie* is Qq.
Ff.

45. It seemes she] *Her*
beauty F2, 3, 4.
46. As] *Like* F2, 3, 4.

53. nere] *ne're* Q5. *never*
Ff.

55. what] [?] Q5.

64. it.] [?] Ff. Q5.

70. this] *the* Ff.

Ile not indure him.

Ca: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,

Am I the Master of the house or you?

You'le not indure him? God shall mend my foule

You'le make a mutenie amongst my guefts,

You'le fet Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

Ti: Vncle tis a shame.

*

Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue,

This tricke will scath you one day I know what.

Well said my hartes. Be quiet :

More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,

Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,

This holie shrine, the gentle finne is this :

My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,

To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too

Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,

For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,

And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,

They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.

Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier
forfake.

Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!

Giue

80

84

92

96

100

104

108

112

Ile not endure him.

Capu. He shall be endured.

What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,

Am I the maffer here or you? go too,

Youle not endure him, god shall mend my foule,

Youle make a mutinie among my guefts:

You wil fet cock a hoope, youle be the man.

Ti. Why Vncle, tis a shame.

Capu. Go too, go too,

You are a fawcie boy, ift fo indeed?

This trick may chance to scath you I know what,

You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,

Well faid my hearts, you are a princ Cox, go,

Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,

Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,

My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,

To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrōg your hād too much

Which manperly deuocion throwes in this,

For faints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,

And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in praire.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,

They pray (grant thou) leaft faith turne to dispaire.

Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers sake.

Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,

Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is purgd.

Iu. Thē haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, ô trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue

79. *What*] [*f*] Q5. [,] F4.

82. *my*] *the* Ff.

83. *set*] *set a* Q4, 5.

86. *ist*] *'tis* F2, 3, 4.

90. *or more light, more light for shame,*] *or (more light, more light for shame)* Q5. *or more light, for shame,* F2, 3, 4.

95. *bittres*] *bitter* Qq. Ff.

97. *sin*] *sinne* Q4, 5.

98. *two*] *to* F1.
did] om. F2, 3, 4. Q5.

102. *that*] *the* F3, 4.
hands do] *hand, do* F2, 3, 4.

109. *I*] *doe* F2, 3, 4.

Giue me my finne againe.

Iu: You kisse by the booke.

Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*

Rom: What is her mother?

116

Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurs*
* *her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can
lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*

120

Rom: Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

124

Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

128

They whisper in his eare.

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?

Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,

I promise you but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:

Light to my chamber hoe.

See Q². Act III. Sc. 4. }
lines 6, 7, and 34.

Exeunt.

Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*

Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

136

Nur: *That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.*

(dance?)

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: *I know not.*

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

140

Nur: *His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely
sonne of your greatemie.*

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late: ,
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathedemie.

144

Nurse: *Whats this? what's that?*

148

Iul:

Giue me my fin againe.

Iuli. Youe kisse bith booke.

Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

Ro. What is her mother?

Nurf. Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,

I Nurft her daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall haue the chincks.

Ro. Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away begon, the sport is at the best.

Ro. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:

Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:

More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither Nurfe, what is yond gentleman?

Nurf. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dāce?

Nur. I know not.

Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurf. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemye.

Iuli. My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a loathed enemye.

Nurf. Whats tis? whats tis.

Iu. A

114. *bith*] *by'th'* F1, 2. *by*
th' F3, 4.

[Exeunt.] F2, 3, 4.

136. *of*] *of the* Q4, 5.

137. *be*] *to be* F3, 4.

141. *wedding*] *wedded* F1.

143. *your*] *our* F2, 3, 4.

148. *tis?* . . . *tis.*] *tis?* . . .
tis? Qq. *this?* . . . *this?*
Ff.

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of
one I dancst with.

Nurse: *Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe a long
with you.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my cosen Romeo.

Mer: Doeft thou heare he is wise,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*.

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, pafsion, liuer, appeare thou in
likenes of a figh: speak but one rime & I am fatified, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to
my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her
purblinde sonne and heire

young

II. 1.

4

8

12

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.

One calt within Iuliet.

Nurf. Anon, anon :

152 Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

152. all are] are all Q4.

Chorus.

Now old defire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
4 With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes :
But to his foe supposd he must complaine,
8 And she steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes :
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceffe
To breathe such vowes as louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
12 To meete her new beloued any where :
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme sweete,

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cosen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio* :

Nay Ile coniure too.

8 *Mer.* *Romeo*, humours, madman, passion loue,
Appeare thou in the likeneffe of a figh,
Speake but on rime and I am satisfied :

Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,

12 Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,

One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,

D

Young

3. gronde for] groned Q5.

4. match] matcht Qq. Ff.

ACT II. SCENE I.

2. thy] my F2, 3, 4.

7. Nay . . . too] Restored to Mercutio by Q4, 5.

8. Mer.] om. Q4, 5.

10. on] one Qq. Ff.

11. Crie but ay me] Cry me but ay me F1. Cry me but ayme F2, 3. Cry me but aim F4. prouaunt] Prouant F1. pronounce Q4, 5. Couply F2, 3, 4.

day] die Q4. dye Q5.

13. for] to Q5. her] heire Q4, 5.

young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee
that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
prettie foote, straight leg, and quivering thigh, and the
demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneffe
thou appeare to vs.

16

20

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld
raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashon,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniure
it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire
and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure onely but
to raise vp him.

24

28

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be comforted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

32

* *Mer*: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

36

40

Ro: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is already sicke, and pale with griefe:

II. 2.

4

That

- Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that shot so true,
 When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.)
 16 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
 The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.
 I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
 20 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
 And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
 That in thy likeneffe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
 24 *Mer.* This cannot anger him, twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
 28 That were some spight.
 My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,
 I coniure onely but to raise vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
 32 To be comforted with the humerous night :
 Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.
Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
 Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
 36 And with his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
 As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
 O *Romeo* that she were, & that she were
 An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
 40 *Romeo* goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
 Come shall we go ?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
 44 That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
 II. 2. *Ro.* He jeasts at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
 But soft, what light through yonder window breaks ?
 It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
 4 Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
 Who is already sicke and pale with greefe,

That

14. *Abraham* : *Cupid*] [:]
om. Q4, 5, Ff.16. *stirreth*] *striueth* Q3.25. *mistresse*] *mistress's* F4.29. *in*] *and in* Qq, Ff.
mistres] *mistress's* F4.32. *humerous*] *humerous*
F4.34. *Mar.*] *Mer.* Qq, Ff.39. *open, or*] *open & catera,*
and Q4, 5. (*and catera*
Q5.)
Poprin] *Poperin* Q4, 5.[*Exeunt.*] Q4, 5, Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
 Be not her maide since she is enuious,
 Her vestfall luerie is but pale and greene,
 And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.

8

She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
 Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
 Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
 Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
 To twinckle in their spheares till they returne.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
 Would through the aire region streame so bright,
 That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
 Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
 I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
 * That I might kisse that cheeke.

12

16

20

24

Iul: Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
 For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
 (head,

28

As is a winged messenger of heauen
 Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
 Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
 And failes vpon the bosome of the aire.

32

Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
 Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
 Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
 And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

36

Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemye.

Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,

Nor

That thou her maide art far more faire then she :
 Be not her maide since she is enuious,
 8 Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,
 And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off :
 It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,

12 She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that ?
 Her eye discourfes, I will answere it :
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes :
 Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
 16 Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,
 To twinkle in their sphares till they returne.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
 20 Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
 That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night :
 See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.

O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
 24 That I might touch that cheeke.

Iu. Ay me.

Ro. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
 28 As glorious to this night being ore my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heauen
 Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
 32 When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
 And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?

Denie thy father and refuse thy name :
 36 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
 And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Ro. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this ?

Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
 40 Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
 Whats *Mountague* ? it is nor hand nor foote,

15. to] do Qq. Ff.

41. nor hand] not hand F4.

Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

44

48

Rom. I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiste,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

52

Iu. What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doeft stumble on my counsaile?

Ro. By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.

56

Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul. My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

60

Ro. Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

Iu. How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

64

Ro. By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

68

Iul. If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

72

Ro. Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie.

(here.

Iul. I would not for the world they shuld find thee

76

Ro.

Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name
Belonging to a man.

44 Whats in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
48 Without that tytyle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word :
52 Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in
So stumblst on my counsell? (night

56 *Ro.* By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I
My name deare faint, is hatefull to my selfe, (am :
Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

60 *Iuli.* My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the found.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

64 *Iuli.* How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore ?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, confidering who thou art,
If any of my kismen find thee here.

68 *Ro.* With lous light wings did I orepearch these
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

72 *Iu.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooue against their enmitie.

76 *Iuli.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

44. *Whats*] *What's* Qq.
F3, 4. *What?* F1.
name] names F1. name?
Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
46. *wene*] *were* Qq. Ff.

48. *title, Romeo*] *title Ro-*
meo, F1, 2, 3. *title*; *Ro-*
meo, F4. *title Romeo*
Q5.

54. *beschreend*] *beschreend*
Q3, 4. *bescreen'd* Ff. Q5.

61. *tongus*] *tongues* Qq. Ff.

64. *camest*] *cam'st* Ff. Q5.

67. *kismen*] *kinsmen* Qq.
Ff.

Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their fight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

80

Iu: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.

I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre

84

As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,

I would aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:

88

For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,

Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.

*

Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,

92

And I will take thy word: but if thou swearst,

Thou maiest proue false:

At Louers periuries they say Loue smiles.

Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:

96

Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,

Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,

So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,

In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,

100

And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light:

But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,

Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.

I should haue bin strange I must confesse,

104

But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware

My true loues Pasion: therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yeelding to light loue,

Which the darke night hath so discovered.

108

Ro: By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,

That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops.

Iul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant

That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,

(Moone,

112

Leaf

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:

I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore washeth with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise.

Iu. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheekes,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farwell complement.

Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.

They say Ioue laughs, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world,
In truth faire Montague I am too fond:

And therefore thou maiest think my behavior light,
But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these frute tree tops.

Iu. O sweare not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

82. *prompt*] *prompt* F2, 3, 4.

84. *Pylat*] *Pylot* or *Pilot* Qq. Ff.

85. *vast shore washeth*] (*wasket* Q3. *wasket* Q4. 5.) *vast-shore-wasket* F1. *vast-shore: washd* F2. (*wash'd* F3.) *vast-shore, wash'd* F4.

87. *knowest*] *know'st* Q5.

91. *complement*] *Complement* F2, 3, 4.

92. *love me? I*] *Love? I* F1. *Love? O* I F2, 3.

Love? O, I F4.

94. *maiest*] *mayest* F3.

mayst F4. *maist* Q5.

false [,] Q3, F3. [,] F1,

Q5. [,] Q4, F4.

periuries [,] om. Qq. Ff.

95. *laughs*] *laught* F1.

97. *thinkest*] *think'st* Q5.

101. *maiest*] *mayest* F2, 4.

maist F3. Q5.

behavior] *hauour* F2,

3, 4.

103. *coying*] *more coying*

Q4. 5. *more coyning* F2,

3, 4.

106. *truloue*] *trueloue* Q3.

true loue Q4. *true Loues*

Ff. Q5.

109. *blessed*] om. Ff.

111. *inconstant*] *uncon-*
stant F3, 4.

112. *circle*] *circled* Qq. Ff.

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not sweare at all,
Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And Il'e beleeeue thee.

116

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue small ioy in this contract to night,

120

It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduifde,

(thee,

*

Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens.

124

I heare some comming,

Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,

140

Stay but a little and il'e come againe.

Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,

144

Too flattering true to be substantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable?

(deed.

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow

148

By

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I sweare by?

Iu. Do not sweare at all :

116 Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleene thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

120 *Iu.* Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee :

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduifd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
124 Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight :
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repofe and rest,
128 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnfatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

132 *Iu.* I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it :
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?

Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

136 And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,

My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

The more I haue, for both are infinite :

140 I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue :

Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true :

Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard

144 Being in night, all this is but a dreame,

Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.

Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,

If that thy bent of loue be honourable,

148 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

119. *loue.*] [-] F2, 3, 4.

120. *sweare,*] [-] om. F2,

3, 4.

thee : [-] Q5, F2, 3, 4.

124. *say,* [-] om. Q5.

lightens,] [-] Q5.

sweete] *Sweete* Ff. ([.]

F4.)

134. *it,*] [?] F3, 4.

[Cals within.] Ff. (Calls F4.)

[Enter.] F2, 3, 4.

By

By one that il'e procure to come to thee :
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

152

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,

160

But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

Iul: *Romeo, Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe :
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

164

Romeo?

Ro: It is my foule that calles vpon my name,
How filuer sweet found louers tongues in night.

168

Iul: *Romeo?*

Ro: Madame.

172

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I fend?

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

176

*

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.

Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

180

Rom: And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu: 'Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,

Who

184

	By one that ile procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt performe the right, And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay, And follow thee my L. throughout the world.		
152	I come, anon : but if thou meanest not well, I do beseech thee (by and by I come) To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe, To morrow will I send.	Madam. Madam.	150. <i>right</i>] <i>rile</i> F3, 4. <i>rights</i> Q4. <i>rites</i> Q5. 152. <i>L.</i>] <i>Loue</i> Q4, 5. <i>Lord</i> <i>Ff.</i> [Within : <i>Madam.</i>] <i>Ff.</i> 153. <i>meanest</i>] <i>meanst</i> Q5. [Within : <i>Madam.</i>] <i>Ff.</i> 155. <i>strife</i>] <i>sute</i> Q4. <i>suit</i> Q5.
156	<i>Ro.</i> So thrue my soule. <i>Iu.</i> A thousand times goodnight. <i>Ro.</i> A thousand times the worse to want thy light, Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes, But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes. <i>Enter Iuliet againe.</i> <i>Iuli,</i> Hift <i>Romeo</i> hift, <i>o</i> for a falkners voyce, To lure this Tassell gentle back againe, Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud, Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies, And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then With repetition of my <i>Romeo</i> .		[Exit.] <i>Ff.</i> 159. <i>light</i>] <i>sight</i> Q4, 5. 161. <i>toward</i>] <i>towards</i> <i>Ff.</i>
164	<i>Ro.</i> It is my soule that calls vpon my name. How siluer sweete, found louers tongues by night, Like softest musicke to attending eares. <i>Iu.</i> <i>Romeo</i> . <i>Ro.</i> My Neece. <i>Iu.</i> What a clocke to morrow Shall I send to thee ? <i>Ro.</i> By the houre of nine. <i>Iu.</i> I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then, I haue forget why I did call thee backe. <i>Ro.</i> Let me stand here till thou remember it. <i>Iu.</i> I shall forget to haue thee still stand there, Remembring how I loue thy companie. <i>Ro.</i> And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this. <i>Iu.</i> Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone, And yet no farther then a wantons bird,		166,7. <i>then With</i>] <i>then</i> <i>with The</i> F2, 3, 4. (<i>than</i> F4.) <i>then myne With</i> Q4. <i>than mine With</i> Q5. 167. <i>Romeo.</i>] [,] F2. 168. <i>soule</i>] <i>loue</i> Q4, 5. 172. <i>Neece</i>] <i>Deere</i> Q4, 5. <i>sweete</i> F2. <i>sweet</i> F3. <i>Sweet</i> F4. 176. <i>yeare</i>] <i>yeares</i> Qq. <i>Ff.</i> 179. <i>forget</i>] [,] Q3, 4. <i>Ff.</i>
184		That	184. <i>farther</i>] <i>further</i> <i>Ff.</i>

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a filke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.

188

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,

192

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.

196

Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis.

(night,

II. 3.

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,

4

8

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stoncs, and their true qualities:

16

For

That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silken thread, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.

Ro. I would I were thy bird.

Iu. Sweete so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing :
Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Iu. Sleep dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghosly *Friers* clofe cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

(night,

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light :
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles :
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vfill this ofier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe :
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bofome finde :
Many for many, vertues excellent :
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true quallities :

For

187. *thread*] *thred* Qq. Ff.
backe] om. F2, 3, 4.

193.4. *Parting . . . morrow*] Given to Rom. Q3, Ff.

195. *Sleep . . . breast*] Given to Rom. Q4, 5.
[Exit.] F2, 3, 4.

196. Ro.] om. Q4, 5.

197-200. *The . . . wheeles.*] om. Q4, 5.

199. *fleckted*] *fleckeld* Q3.
fleckel'd Ff.

201. *Friers*] *Fries* F1, 2.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

1-4. *The . . . wheeles*] om. F2, 3, 4.

2. *Checking*] *Checkring* Qq. F1.

3. *fleckeld*] *fleckled* F1.

13. *many,*] [,] om. Qq. Ff.

- * For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue :
 Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
 Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse :
 Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes by action dignified. 20
- Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
 Poyson hath residence, and medecine power : 24
 For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
 Being tasted slaies all fences with the hart.
 Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
 In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will, 28
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom. : Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.
Fri. : *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth 32
 (me ?)
- Yong sonne it argues a distempered head,
 So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
 Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie : 36
 But where vnbrused youth with vnstuffed braines
 Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines :
 Therefore thy earlines doth me assure, 40
 Thou art vprowld by some distemperature.
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right
 Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro. : The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine. 44
Fr. : God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline* ?
Ro. : With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
 I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then ?) 48
Fri. : Thats my good sonne : but where hast thou bin
Ro. : I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
 I haue bin feasting with mineemie :
 * Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee

Thats

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
 Nor ought so good but strained from that faire vse,
 Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
 Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
 Being tasted, staies all fences with the hart.
 Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
 In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soone the Canker death eats vp that Plant.

Ro. Goodmorrow father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
 Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
 So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,
 And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
 But where vnbrused youth with vnstuffed braine
 Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.
 Therefore thy earlinessse doth me assure,
 Thou art vprould with some distemperature:
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, waite thou with *Rosaline*?

Ro. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
 I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

Fri. Thats my good son, but wher hast thou bin the?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
 I haue bene feasting with mine enemye,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

E

Thats

25. smelt with that part,]
 smelt, with that part
 Ff.

26. staies] slays Qq. Ff,
 2, 3, slays F4.

34. distempered] distem-
 per'd Q5, F4.

37. lodges] lodgeth F2, 3, 4.

41. distemperature] distem-
 perature F3, 4.

46. father no,] Father?
 No, Ff.

Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:

As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combine, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forfooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
The sunne not yet thy fighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.

If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou change, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

Rom: And badst me burie loue.

Fr: Not in a graue,

To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now

Doth

From this point to the
end of the play a
smaller type is used
in the original edi-
tion, and the running
title is changed from
'*The most excellent
Tragedie, of Romeo
and Iuliet*' to '*The
excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.*' *

52 Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
 Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
 I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

56 *Fri.* Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
 Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is set
 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :

60 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combind, saue what thou must combine
 By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :
 64 Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy *S. Frauncis* what a change is here
 Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
 68 So soone forsaken ? young mens loue then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.

Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
 Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline* ?

72 How much salt water throwne away in waste,
 To season loue, that of it doth not taste.

The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares
 Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares :

76 Lo here vpon thy cheekes the staine doth fit,
 Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.

If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

80 And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
 Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.

Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

84 *Ro.* And badst me burie loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in an other out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

52. wounded both,] wounded,
 ed, both Q3, 4. wounded :
 both Ff. wounded ; both
 Q5.

56. and] rest Ff.

66. S.] Saint F4.

73. taste.] [?] F4.

75. ringing] ring Q4, 5.
 F2, 3, 4.
 mine] my Q3, 4, Ff.

80. chang'd,] [?] Qq. Ff.

86. in] [,] Qq. Ff, 3, 4.

Doth

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not fo.

Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy afsistant bee :
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue.

Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not
home to night?

Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him fo, that he will sure run mad. *(faline,*

Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers Houfe :
Some Challenge on my life.

Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee
challenged.

Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben: Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer: More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh
he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catfo, he
fights as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and
proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde
in your bosome, the very butcher of a filken button, a Duell-
lift a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
and

*

88 Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell :

92 But come young wauerer, come go with me,

In one respect ile thy 'assistant be :

For this alliance may so happie proue,

To turne your households rancor to pure loue.

96 *Ro.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

II. 4.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

4 *Mer.* Why that fame pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kisman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

8 *Mer.* A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.

12 *Ben.* Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, be-
ing dared.

16 *Mercu.* Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a
white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue
song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde
bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Ty-
balt*?

*Ro.*¹ Why what is *Tybalt*?

20 *Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the courageous
captain of Complements: he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps
time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two,
and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a filke but-
ton, a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

E 2

first

92. go] and goe Q4. 5.

95. households] houshold
Ff.

6. kisman] kinsman Qq.
Ff.

13. dead, stabd] [,] om. Ff.

18. Ro.] Ben. Ff.

20. pricksong] Pricke-song
Q5. prick-songs F3. 4.
21. he rests,] [,] om. Qq. Ff.
minum rests] minum Ff.

23. dualist] Duellist F4
(bis).

and second caufe, ah the immortall Paffado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of fuch limping antique affecting fantafticoes thefe new tuners of accents. By Iefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundfir is not this a miferable cafe that we fhould be ftill afflicted with thefe ftrange flies: thefe fashionmongers, thefe pardonmees, that ftand fo much on the new forme, that they cannot fitte at eafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flefh flefh how art thou fifhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy *Cleopatra* a Gypfie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harlettries: *Thilbie* a gray eye or fo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curteſie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yefternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The flip the flip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a cafe as mine, a man may fraine curteſie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a cafe as yours wil confraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moſt curteous expoſition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt worne out thy Pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn the ieſt may remaine after the wearing ſolie ſinguler. *Rom:* O

first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamẽtable thing graundfir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo,

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou filthified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French flop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The flip fir, the flip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my bufinesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

Ro. O

27. phantacies] phantasies
Q5, F3, 4.
28. accent] accents Q5.
by Iesu] Iesu Ff.

31. pardons mees] pardon
mees Q3. pardon-mee's
Ff. (me's F3, 4.) par-
dona-mees Q4, 5.

36. Petrarch] Petrarch Qq.
Ff.

40. Bonieur] Bon ieur Q3.
Bon iour Ff. Boniour
F2, 3. Bon jour Q5.
Bonjour F4.

46. good] om. Ff.

50. cursie] courtesie F2, 3.
4.

52. curtuous] curteous Qq.
Ff. courteous F2, 3, 4.

57. wit] [] Qq. Ff.
ieast,] [] om. F4.

59. soly singular] sole-sin-
gular Ff.

Rom: O fingle foald iest folie finguler for the finglenes.

Me: Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and spurres, fwits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chafe, I haue done: for I am fure thou haft more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp iauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.*

Mer: A faile, a faile, a faile.

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer:

60

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

92

*

60 *Ro* O fingle folde ieaft, folie fingular for the fingenefle.
Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.
Ro. Swits and furs, fwits and furs, or ile crie a match.
Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoofe chafe, I am done :
 64 For thou haft more of the wildgoofe in one of thy wits, then I
 am fure I haue in my whol : fiue. Was I with you there for the
 goofe ?

68 *Ro.* Thou waft neuer with me for any thing, when thou waft
 not there for the goofe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaft.

Rom. Nay good goofe bite not.

72 *Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter fweeting, it is a moft sharp fawce.
Rom. And is it not then well feru'd in to a fweete goofe ?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ftretches from an
 ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

76 *Ro.* I ftretch it out for that word broad, which added to the
 goofe, proues thee farre and wide a broad goofe.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now
 art thou fociable, now art thou *Romeo* : now art thou what thou
 art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a
 80 great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable
 in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ftop there.

Mer. Thou defireft me to ftop in my tale againft the haire.

84 *Ben.* Thou wouldft elfe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it fhort, for I
 was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to
 occupie the argument no longer.

88 *Ro.* Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurfe and her man.*
 A fayle, a fayle.

Mer. Two two, a fhert and a fmocke.

Nur. Peter :

92 *Peter.* Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

E 3

Mer. God

60. *solie*] *Solely* F₁

61. *wits faints*] *wit faints*
 F₂, 3, 4. *wits faint* Q₅.

67. *Thou wast*] *Thou was*
 F₂, 3, 4.

71. *bitter sweeting*] *Bitter-*
sweeting Ff.

72. *then*] om. Q₄ Ff.
in to] *into* Ff.
sweete goose] *Sweet-goose*
 F₁, 2.

76. *wide*] [,] Q₄ Ff.
a broad] *abroad* Ff.

77. *Why*] [?] Q₄.

80. *bable*] *bauble* F₄.

83. *desirest*] *desir'st* F₁, 2,
 3.

85. *for*] *or* F₁, 2, 3.

[Enter etc] between lines
 87 & 88 Ff.

90. *shert*] *shirt* Q₄ Ff.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no leffe I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurfe, that God hath made for himfelfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well faid: for himfelfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worfe.

Nur: Well faid.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wife-ly, wife-ly.

Nu: If you be he fir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what haft found man?

Mer: No hare fir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walks by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio:

* *Nur*: Marry farewell. Pray what faucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurfe that loues to heare himfelfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She

96

100

104

108

112

116

120

124

128

96	<i>Mer.</i> God ye goodden faire gentlewoman. <i>Nur.</i> Is it good den? <i>Mer.</i> Tis no lesse I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.	98. <i>yee</i>] <i>you</i> Qq. Ff.
100	<i>Nur.</i> Out vpon you, what a man are you? <i>Ro.</i> One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar. <i>Nur.</i> By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quoth a? Gëtleme cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong <i>Romeo</i> ?	102. <i>well said</i>] <i>said</i> F1, 2, 3. <i>sad</i> F4.
104	<i>Ro.</i> I can tell you, but young <i>Romeo</i> will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe. <i>Nur.</i> You say well.	
108	<i>Mer.</i> Yea is the worf wel, very wel took, ifaith, wifely, wifely. <i>Nur.</i> If you be he fir, I desire some confidence with you. <i>Ben.</i> She will endite him to some supper. <i>Mer.</i> A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.	109. <i>If you</i>] <i>If thou</i> Q4, 5. 110. <i>endite</i>] <i>envile</i> F2. <i>in-</i> <i>vite</i> F3, 4.
112	<i>Ro.</i> What hast thou found? <i>Mer.</i> No hare fir, vnlesse a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is some- thing stale and hoare ere it be spent. An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent. But a hare that is hore, is too much for a score, when it hores ere it be spent. <i>Romeo</i> , will you come to your fathers? weelee to dinner thither.	
116	<i>Ro.</i> I will follow you. <i>Mer.</i> Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady. <i>Exeunt.</i>	[Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.] Ff.
120	<i>Nur.</i> I pray you fir, what sawcie merchant was this that was fo full of his roperie?	123. <i>roperie</i>] <i>roguery</i> F4.
124	<i>Ro.</i> A gentleman Nurfe, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a moneth.	125. <i>too</i>] <i>to</i> Qq. Ff.
128	<i>Nur.</i> And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand	130. <i>flurt gills</i>] <i>flurt-gills</i> Ff. <i>gil-flurts</i> Q4, 5. <i>skaines mates</i>] <i>skains-</i> <i>mates</i> F4.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

132

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawn: you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

136

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vexed me, that euerie member about me quiuers: scurue Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

140

144

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

148

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

152

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to thrift to Frier Laurence cell:
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy
Must be my conduct in the secret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

160

164

156

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur:

stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon shuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw affoone as an other man, if I see occasion in a goodquarel, & the law on my fide.

134. *out:*] [.] Q3, 4. Ff.
assoone] *as soon* F3, 4.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skruie knaue: pray you fir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaiour as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

144. *offred*] *offered* Qq. Ff.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

147. *thee.*] [—] F2, 3, 4.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dooest not marke me?

151. *me* ⁹] [.] Q5.

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

153. *a*] om. Q4.

Ro. Bid her deuise some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I say you shall.

158. *too*] *to* F2, 3, 4.

Nur. This afternoon fir, well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay good Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell be trustie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistresse.

160. *stay*] *stay thou* Ff.
Nurse] [.] F4.
wall,] [.] Q5.

162. *thee*] *the* F2, 3.
tackled] *tackling* Q5.

165. *quill*] *quite* Qq. Ff.

Nur. Now

Nur : *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Jul : The clocke stroke nine when I did fend my Nurffe
In halfe an houre the promist to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Compare lines 67, 68, Act
V. Sc. 1 of Q², and cor-
responding lines of (Q¹).

II. 5.

4

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you fir.

Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keep counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well fir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard : but ſhe good ſoule had as leeu ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him : I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the pretieft ſententious of it, of you and Roſemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit.

[Exit Nurse and Peter] Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe, In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,

Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo :

Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts, Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames, Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.

Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw loue,

And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings :

Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill,

Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,

Is there long houres, yet ſhe is not come,

Had ſhe affectiones and warme youthfull bloud,

She

169. *here*] *heare* Ff.

170. *away*.] [?] Q5, F4.

171. *Warrani*] *I warrant*
F2, 3, 4.
mans] *man* Ff.

175. *see a*] *a see* F1.

181. *dog, name R.*] *dogs-*
name. R. Q3, F1. *dogges*
or *dogs name. R.* The
rest,
no.] [.] Q5.

2. *promised*] *promis'd* Q5.

4. *heraulds*] *Herauld* F1,
3. *Herauid* F2.
5. *glides*] *glide* F4.

8. *wind swift*] Hyphened
Q3, 5, Ff.

11. *Is there*] *Is three* Qq.
I three Ff.

Oh wheres . . . aqua vitæ]
See Q2, Act III. Sc. 2,
l. 90.

Enter Nurfe.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurfe,
What fayer my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua
vitæ.

24

Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurfe, what fayer *Romeo*?

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates?

40

Iul: What of all this? tell me what fayer he to our ma-
riage?

44

Nur:

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.

M. And his to me, but old folks, many faine as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, flowe, heaueie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes ?
Hast thou met with him ? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweete Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou fad ?
Though newes be fad, yet tell them merily.

If good, thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iauunce haue I ?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes :
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what haste, can you not stay a while ?
Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad ? answere to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad ?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not
how to chuse a man : *Romeo*, no not he though his face be bet-
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet
they are past compare : he is not the flower of curtesie, but ile
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme : go thy wayes wench, serue
God. What haue you dinde at home ?

Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that ?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I ?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

F

My

13. *She would*] *She'd* F2,
3, 4.

15. *M.*] om. Q4, 5, Ff.
fain] *faine* Qq. F1, 2.
Two lines, first ending
folks Ff.

20. *lookest*] *look'st* Q4, 5,
F4. *lookes* F2. *looks* F3.

22. *shamest*] *sham'st* Q4, 5,
Ff.

25. *iaunce*] *jaunt* Q4, 5.
Ff.
I ?] *I had ?* Qq. Ff.

27. *good good*] *good* F2, 3, 4.

28. *haste,*] *hast* ? Ff.

29. *that*] om. F2. *how* F3,
4.

39. *leg excels*] *legs excels*
F1, 2, 3. *legs excell* F4.
40. *a body*] *body* Q4, 5. *a*
body F2, 3, 4.
41. *ile*] *I* F2, 3, 4.
42. *as a*] *a* Ff.

44. *this*] *this this* F1.

Nur: Marry he faves like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

* Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He faies like a kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poulteffe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your selfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now, What faves my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to thrift:
There stayes a Bridegroom to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must provide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Confits the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom:

60

64

68

72

II. 6.

- 48 My back a tother fide, a my backe, my backe :
 Beshrewe your heart for fending me about
 To catch my death with iaunfing vp and downe.
Iu. Ifaith I am forrie that thou art not well.
- 52 *Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue ?*
Nur. Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
 And a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
 And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother ?
- 56 *Iu.* Where is mymother, why she is within, wher shuld she be ?
 How oddly thou repliest :
 Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
 Where is your mother ?
- 60 *Nur.* O Gods lady deare,
 Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
 Is this the poultis for my aking bones :
 Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
- 64 *Iu.* Heres such a coyle, come what saies *Romeo* ?
Nur. Hauue you got leaue to go to shrift to day ?
Iu. I haue.
- Nur.* Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
 There stayes a husband to make you a wife :
 Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
 Theile be in scarlet fraight at any newes :
 Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
 To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
 Must climbe a birds neaft soone when it is darke,
 I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight :
 But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
 Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
- 76 *Iuli.* Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

II. 6.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
 That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

4 *Ro.* Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

48. a my] o my F1. O my
 F2, 3, 4. ah my Q5.

50. iaunfing] iaunting Ff.
 Q4, 5.

51. not well] so well F1.
 so ill F2, 3, 4.

56. Two lines, first ending
 mother ? Ff.
 57. repliest] repli'st Ff.

59. your] my F2, 3, 4.

61. hot,] [?] Ff.

62. bones:] [?] Ff.

67. high] hie Q5, F4.

Rom : This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And confumate thofe neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr : I geffe she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, fwifter than fwifteft fpeed.

Enter Iuliet fomewhat faft, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
Of loue and ioy, fee fee the foueraigne power,

Iul : *Romeo*.

* *Rom* : My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloafd in Nights myfts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.

Jul : I am (if I be Day)

Come to my Sunne : fhine forth, and make me faire.

Rom : All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Iul : *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arife.

Fr : Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do paffe
Defer imbracements till fome firter time,
Part for a while, you fhall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom : Lead holy Father, all delay feemes long.

Iul : Make haft, make haft, this lingring doth vs wrong.

Fr : O, foft and faire makes fweteft worke they fay.
Haft is a common hindrer in croffe way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but clofe our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
8 It is inough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Thefe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kiffe confume. The sweeteft honey
12 Is loathsome in his owne delicioufneffe,
And in the tafte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth fo,
Too fwift arriues, as tardie as too flowe.

Enter Iuliet.

16 Here comes the Lady, Oh fo light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlafting flint,
A louer may befride the goffamours,
That ydeles in the wanton fommer ayre,
20 And yet not fall, fo light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghofly confeffor.

Fri. *Romeo* fhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, elfe is his thankes too much.

24 *Ro.* Ah *Iuliet*, if the meafure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blafon it, then fweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich muficke tongue,
28 Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his fubftance, not of ornament,
32 They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to fuch exceffe,
I cannot fum vp fum of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make fhort
36 For by your leaues, you fhall not ftay alone, (worke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

10. *triumph*] [:] *Fi.*

18. *gossamours*] *gossamour*
F4.
19. *ydeles*] *ydes* Q3, F1, 2.
idles Q4, 5, F3, 4.

23. *is*] *in* Q4, 5, F1, 2, 3.

27. *muficke*] *mufickes* Qq.
Ff.

34. *sum of*] *some of* Q4, 5.
Ff.

[*Exeunt.*] F2, 3, 4.

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben : I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer : Thou art like one of thofe, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and faves, God fend me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben : Am I like fuch a one?

Mer : Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
and as foone mooude to be moodie, and as foone moodie to
be mooud.

Ben : And what too?

Mer : Nay, and there were two fuch, wee should haue

none shortly. Didft not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, hauing no other reafon, but becaufe thou hadft
hafill eyes? what eye but fuch an eye would haue pickt out

fuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, becaufe hee
wkd thy dogge that lay a fleepe in the Sunne? With a
Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Eafter: and
with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben : By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer : By my heele I care not.

Tyb : Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer :

II. 1.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad :
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
daies, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters
the confines of a *Tauerne*, claps me his sword vpon the table,
and sayes, God send me no need of thee : and by the operation
of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there
is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as
any in *Italie* : and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone
moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too ?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none
shortly, for one would kill the other : thou, why thou wilt
quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his
beard, then thou hast : thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking
Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes :
what eye, but such an eye would spee out such a quarrel ? thy head
is as full of quarrells, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy
head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling : thou
hast quareld with a man for coughing in the streete, because hee
hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-
fore Easter, with an other for tying his new shoes with olde ri-
band, and yet thou wilt tute me from quarrelling ?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrell as thou art, any man should
buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me clofe, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer

ACT III. SCENE 1.

2. *Capels*] *Capulets* Q4, 5,
Ff.

5. *these*] *those* F4.

27. *from*] for Q5.

30. *fee-simple,*] [?] Ff.

31. *comes*] *come* Q5, F2, 3,
4.

Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou conforsts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Confort. Zwounes confort? the slaue wil make fiddlers of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-flicke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that fence your worship may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can afford no better words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission.

Allastockado

36

44

52

56

60

64

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with something, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you wil giue me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou confortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Comfort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres my fiddlestick, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds comfort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greouances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd fir if he weare your luerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sence may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

F 3

35. *us,*] [?] Qq. Ff.

37. *wil*] shall Q5.

41. *consortest*] *consort* st Ff.
Romeo.] [.] F2.

44. *zounds*] Come Ff.

60. *villaine am I none*] (*I am Q5*) om. F2, 3, 4.
61. *knowest*] *know* st Q4, 5, Ff.

64. *iniuried*] *iniured* Q3, 4.
injur'd Q5, Ff.
65. *loue*] *lon'd* Ff.
deuise:] [.] Q5. [.] F4.

68. *mine*] my Qq. Ff.

69. *calme,*] [.] om. Q4, 5.

Alla

Allastockado caries

it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldest with me?

*

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your
nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your
scabard, leaft mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate
downe their weapons.

*Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mer-
cutio, in and flyes.*

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your
houfes.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a
barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to
come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely drest. Sirra
goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he
hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to mor-
row you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes,
I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulers: For
your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then
some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall
write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes
Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second
cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come fir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the
other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your
houfes.

Exeunt

Rom:

72

76

88

92

100

Alla fucatho carries it away,

Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make hafte, leaft mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons, Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath

Forbid this bandying in *Verona* freetes,

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away *Tybalt*.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both houfes, I am fped,

Is he gone and hath nothing.

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough, Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houfes, founds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you between vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

72. *wouldst*] *woulds* Q3, 4,
F1, 2, 3.

84. *Forbid this*] *Forbid*
Q3, 4, 5. *Forbidden* Ff.
Verona] *Verona's* Q5.

[Exit *Tybalt*] Ff.

87. *a both*] *a both the* F1.
of both the F2, 3, 4.
88. *nothing.*] [?] Q4. Ff.

95. *peppered*] *pepper'd* Ff.

96. *a both*] *of both* F2, 3, 4.
sounds] *'sounds* Q5.
What Ff.

98. *deule*] *deu'le* Q3, 4,
F1, 2. *deu'll* Q5. *deu'l*
F3. *Div'l* F4.

Or

Rom : This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
 My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
 In my behalfe, my reputation staine
 With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
 Hath bene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet*
 * Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
 And in my temper softens valors feeble.

108

Enter Benuolio.

Ben : Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* braue, *Mercutio* is dead,
 That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,
 Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

112

Rom : This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
 This but begins what other dayes must end.

116

Enter Tibalt.

Ben : Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Rom : A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* flaine?
 Away to heauen respectiue lenity :
 And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
 Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
 Which late thou gau'ft me : for *Mercutios* foule,
 Is but a little way about the cloudes,
 And staies for thine to beare him company.
 Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

120

124

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben : *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* flaine,
 The Citizens approach, away, begone

Thou wilt be taken.

132

Rom :

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses,
 They haue made wormes meate of me,
 I haue it, and soundly, to your houses.

Exit.

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
 My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
 In my behalfe, my reputation staine
 With *Tybalts* flaunder, *Tybolt* that an houre
 Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Iuliet*,
 Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
 And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
 That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes,
 Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,
 This but begins, the wo others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybolt* backe againe.

Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
 Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,
 And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
 Now *Tybolt* take the villaine backe againe,
 That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* foule
 Is but a little way aboue our heads,
 Staying for thine to keepe him companie :
 Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Ty. Thou wretched boy that didst cōfort him here,
 Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone :

The Citizens are vp, and *Tybolt* slaine,
 Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
 If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O

102. *a both*] *o' both* F4.

104. *soundly*] [,] om. Qq.
 Ff.
to] *too* F2. *too*, F3, 4.
houses.] [-] Q4, 5.

106. *got this*] *gott his* Q3.
got his Q4, 5, Ff.

112. *Mercutio is*] *Mercutio's is* F1. *Mercutio's*
 Q5, F2, 3, 4.

115. *mo*] *moe* Q4. *more*
 Q5, F4.
doth] *doe* F2. *do* F3.
does F4.

[Enter Tybolt] Ff.

116. *begins.*] [,] om. Q5,
 F4.

118. *gan*] *gon* Q3, 4, F1, 2.
gone Q5, F3, 4.
slaine.] [?] Ff.

120. *fier end*] *fier and* Q3.
fire and Q4, 5, F1, 2.
fire, and F3, 4.

122. *gauest*] *gaust* Ff. Q5.

131. *amazed*] *amaz'd* Ff.
 Q5.

Rom : Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vil-
laine?

136

Ben : There is that *Tybalt*.

[*Watch* : Vp] catchword
in the original.

[*Watch* : Vp]

*

Vp firra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry : Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

140

Ben : Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vn lucky mannage of this brawle.

Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,

That slew thy kinfman braue *Mercutio*,

144

M : *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,

Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt

Of my deare kinfman, Prince as thou art true :

For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew*.

148

Pry : Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?

Ben : *Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.

Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke

152

How nice the quarrell was.

But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,

The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,

Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,

164

And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,

And

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay ?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio* ?

136 *Tybalt* that murtherer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp fir, go with me :

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wiues and all.

140 *Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all :

The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man flaine by young *Romeo*,
144 That slew thy kisman, braue *Mercutio*.

Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,
148 For bloud of ours, fhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudie fray ?

Ben. *Tybalt* here flain, whom *Romeos* hand did slay,

152 *Romeo* that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall

Your high displeasure all this vttered,

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed

156 Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene

Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steele at bold *Mercutios* breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,

160 And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It backe to *Tybalt*, whose dexteritie

Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,

164 Hold friends, friends part, and fwifter then his tongue,

His

140. vile] vild F2, 3.

141. all:] [:] om. Ff. Q5.

144. kisman] kinsman Q1.
Ff.

147. kisman] kinsman Q1.
Ff.

150. blowdie] om. Ff.

152. bid] bad Q5.

154. vttered] uttered Q1.
Ff.

155. bowed] bow'd Ff.

157. Tybalt] Tybalts F1.

And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
 As fast as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.
 While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
 Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
 The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
 That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
 With that he fled, but presently return'd,
 And with his rapier braued *Romeo* :
 That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
 And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
 To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
 And this way *Romeo* fled.

168

Mo : He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
 Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife :
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 * I doo intreate fweete Prince thoulst iustice giue,
Romeo flew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

172

176

180

Prin : And for that offence
 Immediately we doo exile him hence.
 I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
 My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
 But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

188

192

Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :

Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul : Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes

III. 2

To

His aged arme beates downe their fattall poynts,
 And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
 An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
 But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
 And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* flaine :
 And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
 This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the *Mountague*,
 Affection makes him false, he speakes not true :
 Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
 And all those twentie could but kill one life.
 I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue :
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
 Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
 His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
 The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding :
 My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
 But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
 Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
 Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
 Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
 Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed steedes,

G

Towards

165. aged] agill Q4. 5.
 able F2, 3, 4.

171. toote] too't Q4, 5.
 F1, 2. to't F3, 4.

175. kisman] kinsman Q9.
 Ff.
 Mountague] Mountagues
 Q5.

182. owe.] [?] Q3.

183. Capu.] Cap. Q3, Ff.
 Moun. Q4. Mou. Q5.

192. It will] I will Q4, 5.
 F2, 3, 4.
 193. out] our Ff.

195. his] the Q5.

[Exeunt.] Ff.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

To *Phæbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And fend in cloudie night immediately.

4

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder
of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What haft thou there, the cordes?

Nur :

Towards *Phæbus* lodging, such a wagoner
 As *Phaetan* would whip you to the west,
 4 And bring in clowdie night immediately.
 Spread thy clofe curtaine loue-performing night,
 That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
 Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnfeene,
 8 Louers can see to do their amorous rights,
 And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
 It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
 Thou sober futed matron all in blacke,
 12 And learne me how to loose a winning match,
 Plaide for a paire of stainelesse maydenhoods.
 Hood my vnmind bloud bayting in my cheekes,
 With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
 16 Thinke true loue acted simple modestie :
 Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
 For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
 Whiter then new snow vpon a *Rauens* backe :
 20 Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
 Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little starres,
 And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
 24 That all the world will be in loue with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
 O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
 But not possesse it, and though I am sold,
 28 Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festiuall,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

32 And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speaks
 But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence :
 Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
 The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

3. *Phaetan*] *Phaeton* Qq.
Ff.

6. *runnawayes*] *run-awayes*
Q4, 5, Ff. *run-awaies*
F2, 3. *run-aways* F4.

9. *And by*] *By* Q4, 5,
F2, 3, 4.

19. *new snow upon*] *new*
snow on F2, 3, 4. *snow*
upon Q4, 5.

21. *I*] *he* Q4, 5.

24. *will*] *shall* Q5.

34. *there,*] [?] Ff.

Nur. I,

Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

Nurf: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.

Jul: This torture should be roard in difmall hell.
Can heauens be so enuious?

Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God faue the sample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarfe, a piteous bloodie coarfe,
All pale as ashes, I fwounded at the fight.

* *Iul*: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disafter hap
Hath feuerd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So soone to funder vs by timelesse Death?

Nur: O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best frend I had,
O honest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

Iul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.
Then let the trumpet found a generall doome
These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

Nur:

Nur. I, I, the cords.

Iu. Ay me what news? why dost thou wring thy hāds?

Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,

We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be fo enuious?

Nur. Romeo can,

Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,

Who euer would haue thought it Romeo?

Iu. What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be rored in difmall hell,

Hath Romeo flaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowell I shall poysen more

Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

If he be flaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, founds, determine my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God saue the marke, here on his manly breft,

A piteous coarfe, a bloudie piteous coarfe,

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,

All in goare bloud, I founded at the fight.

Iu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo preffe on heauie beare.

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,

O courteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Iu. What storme is this that blowes fo contrarie?

Is Romeo slaughtred? and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,

Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

G 2

Nur. Tybalt

38. weraday] weladay Qq.
F3, 4. welady F1, 2.
hees dead] Twice only Ff.

46. rored] roar'd Ff.

49. death arting] death-
darting Qq. Ff.
50. an I.] [] Q5.
51. thee] the F2, 3, 4.

53. Briefe, sounds,] [,]
om. Q5, F4.
my] of my Ff. Q5.

57. bedawbde] bedawde
Q4. bedaw'd Q5.
58. sounded] swounded Q5.
swounded F4.
59. banckrout] bankrupt
Q5, F4.

61. too] to Qq. Ff.

62. on] one Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
beare] beere Q4, 5, F1, 2.
beer F3, 4.

Nur : *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that mured him is banished.

Iul : Ah heuens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood ?

Nur : It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

Iul : O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face :

72

O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
 So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo* ?

Nur : There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men :
 All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.

88

Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul : A blifter on that tung, he was not borne to shame :

92

Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to fit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen ?
 That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.

104

All

Nur. Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished,

72 *Romeo* that kild him he is banished.

Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand shead *Tibalts* bloud?

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

76 *Iu.* Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Bewtiful tirant, fiend angelicall :

Rauenous douefetherd rauē, woluiſh rauening lamb,

Despised substance of diuineſt ſhowe :

80 Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,

A dimme faint, an honourable villaine :

O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell

When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,

84 In mortall paradise of ſuch ſweete fleſh ?

Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter

So fairely bound ? ō that deceit ſhould dwell

In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.

88 *Nur.* Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,

All periurde, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,

Ah wheres my man ? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ :

Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,

92 Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iu. Blisterd be thy tongue

For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame :

Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit :

96 For tis a throane where honour may be crownd

Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.

O what a beaſt was I to chide at him ?

Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin ?

100 *Iu.* Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband ?

Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it ?

But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin ?

104 That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband :

Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

73. *Iuli. O God*] Separate line Ff.

did] *Nur. Did* F2, 3.

74. *It did*] *Nur. It did* Q5, F4.

75. *Nur.*] *Iul. F2, 3, 4, Q5.*

76. *Iu.*] om. F2, 3, 4, Q5.

78. Two lines Ff., the first ending *rauen*.

douefetherd] *Doue-fea-*

ther'd F1. *doue, featherd*

Q4, 5. *Doue, feather'd*

F2, 3, 4.

81. *dimme*] *dimne* F1.

damned Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

83. *bower*] *power* Q4.

poure Q5.

93. *Blisterd*] *Blistered* Qq.

98. *at him*] *him* F1. *him* so F2, 3, 4.

All this is comfort. But there yet remains

VVorfe than his death, which faine I would forget :
But ah, it preffeth to my memorie,

112

Romeo is banifhed. Ah that word Banifhed

116

Is worfe than death. *Romeo* is banifhed,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,
All killd, all flaine, all dead, all banifhed.

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurfe ?

Nur : VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarfe.

* VVill you goe to them ?

132

Iul : I, I, when theirs are fpent,
Mine fhall he fhed for *Romeos* banifhment.

Nur :

108 Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
 My husband liues that *Tybolt* would haue slaine,
 And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slain my husband :
 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then ?
 Some word there was, worser then *Tybalts* death
 112 That mured me, I would forget it faine,
 But oh it preffes to my memorie,
 Like damned guiltie deeds to sinners mindes,
Tybolt is dead and *Romeo* banished :
 116 That banished, that one word banished,
 Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts* : *Tybalts* death
 Was woe inough if it had ended there :
 Or if fower woe delights in fellowship,
 120 And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
 Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
 Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
 Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
 124 But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished : to speake that word,
 Is father, mother, *Tybolt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
 All slaine, all dead : *Romeo* is banished,
 128 There is no end, no limit, meafure bound,
 In that words death, no words can that woe found.
 Where is my father and my mother Nurse ?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* course,
 132 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares ? mine shall be
 When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment. (spent,
 Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
 136 Both you and I for *Romeo* is exile :
 He made you for a highway to my bed,
 But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
 Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
 140 And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is :

109. *Tybalts*] *Tibalt* Ff.
slain] *kill'd* F2. *kill'd*
 F3, 4.

111. *word there was*] *words*
there was Q3, 4, F1.
words there were Q5.

112. *mured*] *murdered*
 Q4, F1, 3, 4.

121. *followed*] *fellow'd* Q5.

123. *moued*] *mou'd* Ff, Q5.

124. *reareward*] *reere-ward*
 Ff. *reere-ward* Q5.

128. *measure*] [.] Qq. Ff.

131. *course*] *coarse* Ff, Q5.
corse Q4.

133. *teares ?*] [.] Q3, 4, Ff.
 [.] Q5.

136. *I*] [.] Q5, F3, 4.

137. *a*] *an* F4.

139. *cordes*] *cord* Qq. Ff.

Nur : Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
He to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

Iul : Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr : *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamoured on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom : Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.

Fr : Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such fowre companie :
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Rom : VVhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?

Fr : A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom : Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death :
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Fr : Hence from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom : There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world :
And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,

Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fr : Oh monstrous finne, O rude vnthankfulnes :
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment :

*

This

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts :
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Ro. Father what newes ? what is the Princes doome ?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare sonne with such sowre companie ?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What leffe then doomesday is the Princes doome ?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment ? be mercifull, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe :

Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misfermd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulness,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

5. acquaintance] admittance F4.

11. gentler] gentle F4.

20. banishst] banisht Qq.
Ff.

24. smilest] smil'st Q5,
F3, 4.

This is meere mercie, and thou seeft it not.

Rom : Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues : and euerie cat and dog,
And little moufe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ftate, more courtfhip liues
In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may feaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And feale immortall kifles from her lips ;

32

36

But *Romeo* may not, he is banifhed.

Flies may doo this, but I from this muft flye.
Oh Father hadft thou no ftrong poyfon mixt,
No fharp ground knife, no prefent meane of death,
Though nere fo meane, but banifhment
To torture me withall : ah, banifhed.

44

48

O Frier, the damned vfe that word in hell :
Howling attends it. How hadft thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghofly Confeflor,
A finne abfoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banifhment ?

52

Fr : Thou fond mad man, heare me but fpeake a word.

Rom : O, thou wilt talke againe of Banifhment.

Fr : Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerfities fweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banifhed.

56

Rom : Yet Banifhed ? hang vp philosophie,
Vnleffe philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerfe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

60

Fr : O, now I fee that madmen haue no eares.

Rom : How fhould they, when that wife men haue no
eyes.

64

Fr :

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.

Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here

Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,

32 And litle moufe, euery vnworthy thing

Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,

But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,

More honourable state, more courtship liues

36 In carrion flies, then *Romeo* : they may seaze

On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and vestall modestie

40 Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses fin.

This may flies do, when I from this must flie,

And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death ?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

44 Flies may do this, but I from this must flie :

They are freemen, but I am banished.

Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

48 But banished to kill me : Banished ?

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell :

Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart

Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,

52 A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,

To mangle me with that word banished ?

Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.

Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

56 *Fri.* Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,

Aduerfities sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee though thou art banished.

Ro. Yet banished ? hang vp philosophie,

60 Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,

Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,

It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that mad man haue no eares.

64 *Ro.* How should they when that wife men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let

36. seaze] seize F3, 4.

38. blessing] blessings F4.

42. sayest] saist Qq. Ff.

44, 45. om. Ff.

50. Howlingattends] Howlings attends F1. Howlings attend F2, 3, 4.

52. sin obsoluer] Sin-Absoluer Ff.

54. Then] Thou Q4, 5. om. F2, 3, 4. a little] om. Ff.

63. man] men Qq. Ff.

64. that] om. Qq. Ff.

Fr : Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom : Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.

* Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered. 68
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
hayre.

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now, 72
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr : *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,

I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu : Hoe Fryer.

Fr : Gods will what wilfulnes is this? 80

Shee knockes againe.

Nur : Hoe Fryer open the doore,

Fr : By and by I come. Who is there?

Nur : One from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fr : Then come neare. 84

Nur : Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

Fr : There on the ground, with his owne teares made 88
drunke.

Nur : Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Iust in her case. Oh wofull sympathy,
Piteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping : 92
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo : *Nurse*. 96

Nur :

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,

68

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,

An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,

Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,

72

And fall vpon the ground as I do now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of harticke grones,

76

Myft-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,

Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.

Slud knock.

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will

80

What simples is this? I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? whats your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:

I come from Lady *Iuliet*.

84

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,

88

With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,

Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:

Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,

92

Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,

For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

96

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah

67. as I, *Iuliet* thy] as
Iuliet my Ff.

70. mightest] mightst Q5,
F3. 4.

[Enter . . . knocks]
Q3, Ff. [Nurse knocks.]
Q4, 5.

75. harticke] heart-sicke
Q4, 5, F4.

[Knocke.] Q4, 5, Ff.

77. whose] who's Q4, 5, Ff.

78. (stay a while) Q4, 5.

[Knocke againe.] Q4, 5.
[Knocke.] Ff.

79. (by and by) Q4, 5.

82. errant] errand Q4, 5,
Ff.

*

Nur : Ah fir, ah fir. Wel death's the end of all.

Rom : Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?

Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,

Now I haue staine the childhood of her ioy,

With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?

Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue?

Nur : Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,

And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,

And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom : As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun

Did murder her, as that names curf'd hand

Murderd her kinfman. Ah tell me holy Fryer

In what vile part of this Anatomy

Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke

The hatefull mansion?

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.*

Nur : Ah?

Fr : Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme

Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote

The vnrefonable furies of a beaft.

Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,

Or ill befeeming beaft in seeming both.

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temperd,

Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir, deaths the end of all.

Ro. Spakest thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?

100 Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staine the childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes
My conceald Lady to our cancelld loue?

104 Nur. Oh she fayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls againe.

108 Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curfd hand
Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
112 Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may facke
The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
116 Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beaft.

Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ilbeseeming beaft in seeming both,
120 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.

Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou sleigh thy selfe?
And sleigh thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
124 By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?

Why raylest thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
128 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vfuror aboundst in all:

And vnest none in that true vse indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
132 Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,

97. deaths] death is Q5.

98. Spakest] Speak'st Ff.

Spak'st Q5.

is it] ist Q5. is't F4.

99. not she] she not Q5.

100. childhood] child-head

Q5.

101. remoued] remou'd Q5.

103. cancelld] conceal'd Ff.

116. deuote] denote Q4, 5,

Ff. doe note F2. do

note F3, 4.

123. lies] liues F4.

125. raylest] rayl'st Ff.

Q5.

127. loose] lose Q5, F3, 4.

128. shamesst] sham'st Q5,

Ff.

129. a] an Q5, F4.

Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
 For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead :
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.

144

A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
 Happines Courts thee in his best array :
 But like a misbehaude and fullen wench
 Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.
 * Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed :
 Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set :
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.

148

152

Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
 Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur : Good Lord what a thing learning is.
 I could haue stayde heere all this night
 To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
 Ile tell my Lady that you will comè.

Rom : Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
 Farwell good Nurse.

168

Nurse

Digreffing from the valour of a man,
 Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie,
 Killing that loue which thou haft vowd to cherish,
 136 Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
 Mishapen in the conduct of them both :
 Like powder in a skilleffe souldiers flaske,
 Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
 140 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
 What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 144 But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
 The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
 And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
 A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
 148 Happines courts thee in her best array,
 But like a mishaued and fullen wench,
 Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue :
 Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
 152 Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
 156 Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
 With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy
 160 Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
 Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heaue sorrow makes them apt vnto,
 164 *Romeo* is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
 To heare good counsell, oh what learning is :
 My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.
 168 *Ro.* Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

139. a fier] on fire Q5.

144. slewest] slew'st Ff.
 happie] happy too F2, 3, 4.
 145. becomes] became Ff.
 146. turnes] turne Q3.
 turn'd Ff.
 147. light] lights Q4.

149. mishaued] misbe-
 hau'd Q4, 5.
 150. puts vp] pouts vpon
 Q4. poutst vpon Q5.
 puttst vp Ff.

158. the] thy Q3, Ff.

165. the] om. Ff.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur : Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,

Rom : How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr : Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time :

Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom : But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe so breefe to part with thee.

*Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with
County Paris.*

* *Cap* : Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.
Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber ?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

Par : These times of woe affoord no time to wooue,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet
calles him againe.*

Cap : Sir *Paris* ? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee :

But soft what day is this ?

Par : Munday my Lord.

Cap : Oh then Wenfday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be : you shall be married.

Wee'le

176

180

III. 4

8

12

20

Nur. Here fir, a Ring she bid me giue you fir :
Hie you, make haft, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

172 *Fri.* Go hēce, goodnight, & here stands al your state :

Either be gone before the watch be fet,
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,

176 Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here :
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

180 *Ro.* But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a grieffe, so briefe to part with thee :
Farewell.

Exeunt.

III. 4. *Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.*

Ca. Things haue falne out fir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely

4 And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night :

I promise you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

8 *Paris.* These times of wo affoord no times to wooe :
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night shees mew'd vp to her heauines.

12 *Ca.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes loue : I thinke she will me rulde
In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,

16 Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me ? on wendfday next.
But soft, what day is this ?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

20 *Ca.* Monday, ha ha, well wendfday is too soone,
A thursfday let it be, a thursfday tell her

169. *bid*] *bids* Q4. 5.

174. *disguise*] *disguis'd*
Qq. Ff.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

11. *shees*] *she is* Qq. Ff.

13. *me*] *be* Qq. Ff.

16. *here, of*] *hereof*, Q3.
here of Q4, F3. 4. *here*
with Q5.
17. *next.*] [] Qq. Ff.

Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or fo :
 For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being flaine fo lately,
 It will be thought we held him careleslye :
 If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
 Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
 But what say you to Thursday.

Par : My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-
 row.

Cap : Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to
 bed.

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
 Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.
 Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
 Afore me it is fo very very late,
 That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul : Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
 It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
 That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare :
 Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
 Beleeeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom : It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
 And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes
 Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.
 Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
 Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
 I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

Iul : Yon light is not day light, I know it I :
 It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
 To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
 Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom : Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye :
 If thou wilt haue it fo, I am content.
 Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,

It

24

28

32

III. 5.

4

8

12

16

She shall be married to this noble Earle :
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

24 Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being flaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much :

28 Therefore wee le haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thurfday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thurfday were to morrow.

Ca. Well get you gone, a Thurfday be it then :

32 Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,
36 Goodnight.

Exeunt.

III. 5. *Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day :

It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
4 Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
8 Do lace the feuering cloudes in yonder East :
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

12 *Iu.* Yond light is not daylight, I know it I :
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

16 Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

24. *Well, keepe]* *Weele*
keepe Q3, 4, F1, 2.
(*Wee'll* Q5. *Wee'i* F3,
4.)

28. *doozen]* *dozen* Qq. Ff.

35. *very]* om. Ff.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

1. *It . . . day]* om. F2, 3,
4.

9. *io cand]* *iocond* Q3, 4,
F1, 2. *jocond* Q5, F3.
jocond F4.

10. *tipto]* *tip-toe* Q4, 5.
tiptoe F4.

Mountaine] *Mountaines*
Qq. Ff.

13. *exhale]* *exhales* Q3, 4,
Ff.

16. *yet,]* [.] om. F4.
needst not to be] *needst*
not be Q5.

19. *the the]* *the* Qq. Ff.

Tis

It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
 Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
 The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
 And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
 What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:

* This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
 Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 I would that now they had changd voyces too:
 Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
 Hunting thee hence with Huntfvp to the day.
 So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our
 woes.

Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
 I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
 For in an hower there are manie minutes,
 Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
 Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
 Ere I see thee againe.

Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
 That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

Iul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
 For sweete discourfes in the time to come.

Jul:

20 Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
 Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate
 The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
 I haue more care to stay then will to go :
 24 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
 How ist my foule ? lets talke it is not day.
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away :
 It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
 28 Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuifion :
 This doth not so : for ~~the~~ diuideth vs.
 Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 32 O now I would they had changd voyces too :
 Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
 Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
 O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

36 *Romeo.* More light and light, more darke and darke our
 woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

40 *Nur.* Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,
 The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

44 *Iu.* Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
 I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
 For in a minute there are many dayes,
 O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
 48 Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell :

I will omit no opportunitie,
 That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

52 *Iu.* O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe ?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
 For sweete discourfes in our times to come.

22. heauen] heavens F3, 4.

25. talke] [.] Q4, 5, Ff.

44. so] [.] Q3. [?] Ff.
 ay] ah F2, 3, 4.

52. thinkst] thinkest Q3, 4,
 Ff.

54. times] time Qq. Ff.

Jul : Oh God, I haue an ill diuining foule.
 Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
 Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe :
 Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.

56

Rom : And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
 Drie sorrow drinkes our blood : adieu, adieu.

Exit.

60

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur : Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
 Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.

She goeth downe from the window.

*

Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.

Moth : Where are you Daughter ?

Nur : What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet* ?

Iul : How now, who calls ?

Nur : It is your Mother.

Moth : Why how now *Juliet* ?

Iul : Madam, I am not well.

Moth : What euermore weeping for your Cosens death :
 I thinke thoult wafh him from his graue with teares.

72

Iul : I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

Moth : I cannot blame thee.

But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

Iul : What Villaine Madame ?

Moth : That Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul : Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

84

Moth :

56 Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining foule,
Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.

Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you :
60 Drie sorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? be fickle Fortune :
64 For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp ?

68 Iu. Who ist that calls ? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early ?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

La. Why how now Iuliet ?

Iu. Madam I am not well.

72 La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death ?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares ?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue :
Therefore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
76 But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.

80 Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.

La. Wel gyrl, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.

84 Iu. What villaine Madam ?

La. That same villaine Romeo.

Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a funder :
God padon, I do with all my heart :
88 And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

55. Ro.] Jul. Q4, 5, Ff.

56. *thee now,*] [,] om. Q5.

58. *lookest*] *look'st* Ff. Q5.

63. *renowmd*] *renown'd*
Q4. *renown'd* Q5, Ff.

67. *It is*] *Is it* Ff.
mother.] [?] F2, 3, 4.

73. *What*] [?] Q5.

83. *slaughterd*] *slaughtered*
Qq.

86. *a sunder*] *assunder*
F1, 2, 3. *asunder* Q5,
F4.

87. *padon*] *pardon* Q3, F1.
pardon him Q4, 5, F2,
3, 4.

La. That

Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I foone would fend to *Mantua* where he is,

That should bestow on him so fure a draught,
As he should foone beare *Tybalt* companie.

96

Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext?

108

100

(newes?)

Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul: What day is that I pray you?

116

Moth: Marry my Childe,

*

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

120

Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.

Are

La. That is becaufe the Traytor murderer liues.

Iu. I Madam from the reach of thefe my hands :
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.

La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile fend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that fame bannisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him fuch an vnaccustomd dram,
That he fhall foone keepe *Tybalt* companie :
And then I hope thou wilt be fatisfied.

Iu. Indeed I neuer fhall be fatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart fo for a kinfman vext :
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyfon, I would temper it :
That *Romeo* fhould vpon receipt thereof,
Soone fleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.

Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find fuch a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iu. And ioy comes well in fuch a needie time,
What are they, befeech your Ladyship ?

M. Well, well, thou haft a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath fortod out a fudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that ?

M. Marrie my child, early next Thurfdays morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He fhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hafte, that I muft wed
Ere he that fhould be husband comes to wooe :

I pray

89. murderer] om. Qq. Ff.

106. Cozen,] Cozin, Tybalt
F2, 3, 4.
107. slaughterd] slaugh-
tered Q3, 4.

111. beseech] I beseech Q4, 5,
F2, 3, 4.

116. that] this Ff.

120. happily] happily Q3, 4.
there] om. Ff.
121. S.] Saint Qq. Ff.

124. should] must Q5.

Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
 Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
 yet.

And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
 Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

128

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

Capo: Why how now, euermore showring?
 In one little bodie thou refemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
 Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
 And toft with fighes arising from thy hart:
 Will without succour shipwracke presently.
 But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what faies
 she to it?

140

Moth: I haue, but she will none she thanks ye:
 VVould God that she were married to her graue.

144

Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
 she not wexe proud?

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
 Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
 But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

152

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
 And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
 Proud me no prouids, nor thanke me no thanks,
 But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
 To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
 Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

156

Out

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I fweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun fets, the earth doth drisle deaw,

But for the Sunfet of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
Euermore showring in one litle body?

Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,

Without a suddenn calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Hauē you deliuered to her our decree?

La. I fir, but she will none, she giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?

Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainst Thurfday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

131. earth] ayre Q4. aire Q5.

133. It . . . downright] separate line Ff. now] [?] Ff.

134. showring] [.] Q4. [?] Ff. Q5.

body?] [?] om. Q5.

135. Thou countefaits. A] (-terfais. A Q3. -terfais, a Q4. -terfeil'st a Q5. -terfais a F1.

-terfais a F2.) Thy counterfais a F3. (-terfeil's a F4.)

137. is:] is F1. om. F2, 3, 4.

139. thy] the Ff.

141. wife.] wise, Q4. wife? Q5, Ff.

143. giue] giues Q4. Ff. thankes,] [.] Q5. [?] F4.

146. How] [.] Ff. [?] Q5.

149. Bride] Bridegroom Q4. Ff.

152. that is meant] that's meant in Q5.

153. How, how, howhow,] How now, how now, Q3, 4. How now? Q5, Ff.

155. And . . . you] om. Ff. proud] [.] Q4, 5.

you?, you, Q5.

157. fettle] settle F2, 3, 4.

* Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

160

Iu : Good father heare me speake ?

164

She kneeles downe.

Cap : I tell thee what, eyther refolue on thurfday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church :
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld :
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

168

172

Nur : Mary God in heauen bleffe her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap. And why my Lady wisedome ? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe.

176

Nur : Why my Lord I speake no treason.

Cap : Oh goddegodden.

Vtter your grauity ouer a goffips boule,
For heere we need it not.

Mo : My Lord ye are too hotte.

184

Cap : Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde with a man :
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee ?
But

188

192

196

But

160 Out you greene sickneffe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

164 *Iu.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

168 Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
172 And that we haue a curse in hauing her :
Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her :
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.

176 *Fa.* And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your gossips go.

Nur. I speake no treason,

180 *Father*, o Godigeden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grautie ore a Goships bowle,
For here we need it not.

184 *Wi.* You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
188 To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man,
192 And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue :

196 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But

161. *You]* Out you F4.

169. *itch, wife,]* *itch, wife:*
Ff. *itch:* Wife, Q5.

177. *Prudence smatter,]*
Prudence, smatter Q3, 4.
Ff. *Prudence smatter*
Q5.

gossips] *gossips*, Qq. *gossips*, Ff.
179. *Father, o Godigeden,]*
Fa. O Godigeden, Q4, 5.
O Godigeden, F2, 3. *O*
God gi' gooden F4.
180. *May]* *Nur. May*
Q4, 5.

190. *liand]* *allied* Qq. Ff.

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.

*

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend :
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes : for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,

Nor what I haue ſhall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not uſe to ieſt.

Exit.

Inl: Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
That looks into the bottom of my woes?

I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,

Or if you cannot, make my marriage bed

Or if you cannot, make my marriage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say: Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing He neuer dares returne to challendge you.

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
 200 Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,
 And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
 And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
 For by my foule ile nere acknowledge thee,
 204 Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good :
 Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie sitting in the cloudes
 That sees into the bottome of my greefe?
 208 O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
 Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
 Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
 In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

212 *Mo.* Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
 Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
 216 How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
 Vnlesse that husband fend it me from heauen,
 By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me :
 Alack, alack, that heauen should practise stratagems
 220 Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
 What sayst thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
 Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to
 224 That he dares nere come back to challenge you : (nothing,
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
 228 O hees a louely Gentleman :

Romios a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
 I hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
 As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very hart,

204. *neuer*] *ever* Q4, 5.

223. *Faith . . . is,*] separate line Ff.

227. *Countie*] *count* F2, 3, 4.

229. *Romios*] *Romeos* Q3,
 4. F1, 2. *Romeo's* Q5,
 F3, 4.

231. *beshrow*] *beshrew* Q5,
 F4.

I

I thinke you happy in this second match.

As for your husband he is dead :

Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

Iul : Speakest thou this from thy heart ?

Nur : I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Iul : Amen.

Nur : What say you Madame ?

Iul : Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,

I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother

Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.

To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,

And to be absolt'd.

* *Nur* : I will, and this is wisely done.

She looks after Nurse.

Iul : Auncient damnation, O most curfed fiend.

Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,

Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue

That thou hast praide him with aboue compare

So many thousand times ? Goe Counsellor,

Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.

Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,

If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr : On Thursday say ye : the time is very short,

Par : My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,

And I am nothing slacke to slow his haft.

Fr : You say you doe not know the Ladies minde ?

Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par : Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,

And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,

Now Sir, her father thinks it daungerous :

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.

And in his wisdome hafts our mariage,

To stop the inundation of her teares.

Which too much minded by her selfe alone

May be put from her by societie.

Now

232 I thinke you are happie in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vse of him.

236 *Iu.* Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my foule too, else beshrew them both.

Iu. Amen.

Nur. What?

240 *Iu.* Well thou hast comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be obsolu'd.

244 *Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iu. Auncient damnation, ô most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
248 Which she hath praised him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
252 If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

IV. 1. *Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*

Fri. On Thursday fir: the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it fo,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.

4 *Fri.* You say you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
8 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now fir, her father counts it daungerous
That she do giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom heastes our marriage,
12 To stop the inundation of her teares.

Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.

Now

236. *Speakest*] *Speakest* Qq.
Ff.

237. *else*] or *else* Qq. Ff.
Two lines, *And . . . too*]
Or *else . . . both*, Ff.

240. *maruellous*] *marue'l-*
ous Fx. *mar'ulous* F2,
3, 4.

243. *absolu'd*] *absolu'd* Qq.
F1, 2, 3. *Absolved* F4.

244. [*Exit.*] Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

[*Exeunt*] Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.
[*Count* F2, 3, 4.]

7. *talke*] *talkt* Q5.

10. *do*] *doth* Qq. F1, 2.
should F3, 4.

Now doe ye know the reason of this haſt.

Fr: I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:

Iu: That may be fir, when I may be a wife,

Par: That may be, muſt be loue, on thurſday next.

Iu: What muſt be ſhalbe.

Fr: Thats a certaine text.

Par: What come ye to confeſſion to this Fryer.

Iu: To tell you that were to confeſſe to you.

Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.

Iul: I will confeſſe to you that I loue him,

Par: So I am ſure you will that you loue me.

Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

Being ſpoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par: Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.

Iu: The teares haue got ſmall victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their ſpite.

Par: Thou wrongſt it more than teares by that report.

Iu: That is no wrong fir, that is a truth:

And what I ſpake I ſpake it to my face.

Par: Thy face is mine and thou haſt ſlaundred it.

Iu: It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leaſure holy Father now:

Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?

Fr: My leaſure ſerues me penſue daughter now.

My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.

Par: God ſheild I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,

Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiſſe.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe ſhut the doore and when thou haſt done ſo,

Come weepe with me that am paſt cure, paſt help,

Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy grieve,

I heare thou muſt and nothing may proroqe it,

On

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.

Looke fir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

Iu. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.

Iu. What must be shall be.

Fri. Thats a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iu. To aunswere that, I should confesse to you.

Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.

Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.

Iu. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poor soule thy face is much abused with tears.

Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,

For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrongst it more then tears with that report.

Iu. That is no slander fir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me penfull daughter now,

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,

It straines me past the compasse of my wits,

I heare thou must, and nothing may proroque it,

On

15. *haste.*] [?] Qq. Ff.

16. *slowed*] *slow'd* Ff.

17. *toward*] *towards* Qq.
Ff.

20. *may be.*] [,] om. Q4.

41. *we*] you F1. 1 F2, 3, 4.

[Exit Paris] Ff.

46. *care*] *cure* Q5.

* On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
 Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.

52

Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
 Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
 Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
 Which the Commision of thy yeares and arte
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Speake not, be brieft: for I desire to die,
 If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

64

68

Fr: Stay *Juliet*, I doo speie a kinde of hope,
 VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
 As that is desperate we would preuent.
 If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
 Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
 Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
 A thing like death to chyd away this shame,
 That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
 And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.

72

76

Jul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
 From off the battlements of yonder tower:
 Or chaine me to some steeple mountaines top,
 VVhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:
 Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,

VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
 Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

84

Things

On Thurfday next be married to this Countie.

Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,

Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it:

If in thy wifedome thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife ile helpe it presently.

God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:

Shall be the Labell to an other deed,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to an other, this shall fley them both:

Therefore out of thy long experienst time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife

Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,

Which the commiffion of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not so long to speake, I long to die,

If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would preuent.

If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That coapst with death, himselfe to scape from it:

And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,

From of the battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in theeuiſh wayes, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,

Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,

Oreouer quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reekie thanks and yealow chapels sculls:

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his,

50. *Countie*] *count* F2, 3, 4.

51. *hearest*] *hear'st* Q5.

56. *Romeos*] [,] Qq. Ff.

57. *Romeos*] *Romeo* Ff.
Romeo's Q5.

60. *sley*] *slay* Qq. Ff.

73. *stay*] *slay* Q4, 5, F3, 4.
lay F2.

74. *is it*] *it is* F3, 4.

76. *death, himselfe*] *death*
himselfe, Qq. Ff.
77. *darest*] *dar'st* Ff.

79. *of the*] *off the* Q5, F3,
4.

84. *chapels*] *chappels* Q3,
Ff. *chaplesse* The rest.

86. *his*] *his* *shroud* Q4, 5.
his *grau* Ff.

Things

Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
 And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
 To keep my felfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
 To my deere Lord, my deereft *Romeo*.

88

Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
 Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
 And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
 And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
 VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
 A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze
 * Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
 His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
 No signe of breath shall testifie thou liuft.

96

And in this borrowed likenes of thrunke death,
 Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,

112

Ile send in haft to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
 And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

116

Iul:

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
 And I will do it without feare or doubt,
 To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie *Paris*: wendfday is to morrow,
 To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
 Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
 Take thou this Violl being then in bed,

And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
 When presently through all thy veines shall run,
 A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse

Shall keepe his natue progresse but furcease,
 No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,

The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:

Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:

Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.

Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,

Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,

And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroom in the morning comes,

To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then as the manner of our countrie is,

Is thy best robes vncovered on the Beere,

Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:

Thou shalt be borne to that same auncient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,

In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come, an he and I

Will watch thy walking, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

93. *the Nurse*] *thy Nurse*
 Qq. Ff.

99. *breast*] *breath* Qq. Ff.
liuest] *liu'st* Q5.

100. *fade*:] [:] om. Qq. Ff.

101. *Too many*] *To many*
 F1. *To mealy* F2, 3, 4.
Too paly Q4. *To paly*
 Q5.
thy] *the* Q3, 4, Ff.

105. *borrowed*] *borrow'd*
 Q5.

111. *Is*] *In* Qq. Ff.
vncovered] *vncoverd* Qq.
 Ff.

113. *shall*] *shalt* Qq. Ff.

117, 118. *an . . . walking*]
and . . . waking Qq.
 om. Ff.

121. *inconstant*] *uncon-*
stant F3, 4.
toy] *ioy* Q4. *joy* Q5.

Iu. Giue

Iul : Frier I goe, be sure thou fend for my deare *Romeo*.
Exeunt.

*Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and
 Seruingman.*

IV. 2.

Capo : Where are you firra ?

Ser : Heere forfooth.

Capo : Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser : I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
 them by licking their fingers.

4

Capo : How canst thou know them fo 2

Ser : Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
 gers.

Capo : Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?

Moth : Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
 To be confest.

Capo : Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
 A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

12

Enter Iuliet.

Moth : See here she commeth from Confession,

Capo : How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
 gadding?

Iul : Where I haue learned to repent the fin
 Of froward wilfull opposition
 Gainst you and your behefts, and am enioynd
 By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
 And craue remission of so foule a fact.

16

She kneeles downe.

20

Moth : Why thats well said.

Capo : Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
 All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.

30

Goe tell the Countie presently of this,

For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

22

Iul :

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare

123. *of feare*] *ofcare* F1.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolute, ile send a Frier with speed

To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford :

Farewell deare father.

(*Exit.*)

[*Exeunt*] Q4, 5.

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men, two or three.*

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,

Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill fir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.

Capu. How canst thou trie them so ?

Ser. Marrie fir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers : therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vn furnisht for this time :
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence* ?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuishe selfewild harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from thrift with merie looke.

Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding ?

Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the fin

9, 10. Prose in Ff.

13. *selfewild*] *selfe wilde*
Q3. *selfe-wild* Q4, 5.
selfe-wild F1, 2, 3. *self-*
wild F4.

16. *me*] om. Q4, 5.

Of disobedient opposition,

To you and your behests, and am enioynd

By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.

Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,

Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

22. *Countie*] *Count* F2, 3, 4.

Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,

And gaue him what becomd loue I might,

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

25. *becomd*] *becomed* Ff.
becommed Q4, 5.

Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,

This is aft should be, let me see the Countie :

I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.

28. *ast*] *as't* Q4, 5, Ff.

Now

Jul : Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To sort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.

Moth : I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently,

Nur : Come sweet hart, shall we goe :

Iul : I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth : Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo : I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

Moth : I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo : I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

Moth : We shall be short in our prouision.

* *Capo* : Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is pasing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt.

Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

Nur : Come, come, what need you anie thing else ?

Iul : Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe :
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

Nur : Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night.

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth : What are you busie, doo you need my helpe ?

Iul : No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth : Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

Exit.

Iul :

32

IV. 3

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

30. *reuerend holy*] *holy*
reuerend Q5.

32 *Iu.* Nurse, will you go with me into my Clofet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time enough.

36 *Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt.

[*Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.*]
Ff.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.

40 *Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:

44 They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.

45. *vp him*] *him vp* Ff.

Exit.

[*Exeunt.*] Q4, 5. [*Exeunt*
Father and Mother.] Ff.
ACT IV. SCENE 3.

IV. 3. *Enter Iuliet and Nurse.*

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysones,
4 To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

8 *Iu.* No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
12 In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell,

5. *knowest*] *know st* Ff. Q5.

Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete againe.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie ?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should discloſe
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine ſo bad a thought.

24

[O] catchword in the
original

*

What if I ſhould be ſtified in the Toomb ?

[O]

Awake an houre before the appointed time :

Ah then I feare I ſhall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones,

Daſh

16 *Iu.* Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
 I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
 That almost freezes vp the heate of life :
 Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
 Nurse, what should she do here ?
 20 My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.
 Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all ?
 Shall I be married then to morrow morning ?
 No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
 24 What if it be a poyson which the Frier
 Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
 Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
 Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?
 28 I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
 For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
 How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
 I wake before the time that *Romeo*
 32 Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt :
 Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault ?
 To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
 And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
 36 Or if I liue, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,
 As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
 40 Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
 Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
 Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
 Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say,
 44 At some houres in the night, spirits resort :
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
 48 That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad :
 O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
 Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
 And madly play with my forefathers ioynts ?

And

17. *life*] *fire* Ff.
 21. *Violl*] *Viall* Qq. F1
 2, 3. *Vial* F4.
 22. *then*] om. F4.
29. *a*] *an* Q5.33. *stiffed*] *stifled* Ff. Q5.38. *Together*] *Together* Qq.
Ff.40. *this*] *these* Qq. Ff.47. *shrikes*] *shrieks* F4.
 49. *O if I walke*] *Or if I*
wake Q4, 5. *Or if I*
walke F2, 3, 4. (*walk*
 F4.)

Daſh out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I ſee
My Coffin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo* : ſtay *Tybalt* ſtay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

56

She falls vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurſe with hearbs, Mother.

IV. 4.

Moth : Thats well ſaid Nurſe, ſet all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap : Make haſt, make haſt, for it is almoſt day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

4

Nur : Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be ſicke anone.

8

Cap : I warrant thee Nurſe I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth : I you haue beene a mouſe hunt in your time.

12

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap : A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood : How now firra ?
What haue you there ?

Ser : Forſooth Logs.

Cap : Goe, goe chooſe dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou ſhalt fetch them.

16

Ser : Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
chooſe a Log.

*

Exit.

Cap : Well goe thy way, thou ſhalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haſt call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muſicke ſtraight.

20

Gods

- 52 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
56 Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay?
[*Romeo*, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.
IV. 4. *Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.*
La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices *Nurse*.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.
Enter old Capulet.
Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.
4 The Curfew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
8 Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.
12 *La.* I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurse.
Ca. A ieaious hood, a ieaious hood, now fellow, what is there?
*Enter three or foure with spits and logs,
and Baskets.*
Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
16 *Ca.* Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
20 *Ca.* Maffe and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Twou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.
Play Musicke.
The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.
24 *Nurse*, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say?

Enter

54. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq.
Ff.57. *a*] *my* Ff. *his* F2, 3, 4.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

3. *crowed*] *crow'd* Ff.4. *roong*] *roung* Q3, 4.
rung Q5, Ff.11. *lesser*] *lesse* Qq. Ff.
a lesse F2, 3. *a less* F4.14. *what is*] *what* Ff.
whats F2. *what's* F3, 4.
Two lines, the second beginning *Now*, in Ff.16. *haste sirra*] *haste, sirrah* Ff. *haste; sirrah* Q5.21. *Twou*] *Thou* Qq. Ff.
father] *faith* Q4, 5, F2,
3, 4.

Gods me hees come, Nurfe call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath fet vp his rest that you shal rest but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue, what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how found she sleeps? Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

IV. 5.

8

12

16

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?

Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make haft, wheres my daughter?

24

Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.

Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make hafte,
Make haft, the bridgroom, he is come already, make haft I fay.

Nur. Miftris, what miftris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,

Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you fluggabed,
Why Loue I fay, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride :

What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath fet vp his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.

Marrie and Amen : how found is she a sleepe :

I needs must wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,

I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be ?

What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.

Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.

Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,

Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.

Mo. What noife is here ?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter ?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day !

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee :

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shees dead : deceaft, shees dead, alack the day.

M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,

Her bloud is fetled, and her ioyns are stiffe :

Life and thefe lips haue long bene separated,

Death lies on her like an vntimely froft,

Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

27. Two lines, the first ending *already*, Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

1. *mistris, Iuliet,*] *Mistris, Iuliet* : Q5. *Mistris ? Iuliet ?* Ff. *she*] om. F2, 3, 4.

4. *penniworths*] *penniworth* Q5.

9. *needs must*] *must needs* Qq. Ff.

15. *wereaday*] *weladay* Q3. *weladay* Q4, 5, F1, 2, 3. *wel-a-day* F4.

[Enter Mother.] Ff.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par : What is the bride ready to goe to Church? 36

Cap : Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,

Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,

Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes, 40

* Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

Par : Haue I thought long to see this mornings face, 44

And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,

Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am :

Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.

Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.

O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,

To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap : O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,

And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry : And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,

Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap : Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,

Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life?

To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,

Depride of fence, of life, of all by death,

Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

Cap : O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,

Why this sad time haue I desir'd to see.

This day, this vniust, this impartiall day

Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,

To be depride by suddaine destinie.

Moth : O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?

To see this day, this miserable day.

Alacke the time that euer I was borne.

To be partaker of this destinie.

Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr :

32 *Nur.* O lamentable day !

Mo. O wofull time !

Fa. Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

36 *Fri.* Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ?

Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.

O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
40 Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

44 *Par.* Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a fight as this ?

Mo. Accurst, unhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
48 In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my fight.

52 *Nur.* O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
56 Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
60 By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
64 To murder, murder, our solemnitie ?
O childe, O childe, my soule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

[Enter . . . with the Mus-
sicians] Q4. [. . . with
Musicians] Q5.

39. *there*] *see there* F2, 3.
See, there F4.

40. *deflowred*] *deflowred*
now F2. *deflowr'd now*
F3, 4.

43. *all life liuing,*] *all*
life, liuing, Q4, 5.
44. *loue*] *long* Qq. Ff.

54. *bedold*] *behold* Qq. Ff.

Fr : O peace for shame, if not for charity.

68

Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwife.

*

Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarfe,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

84

Cap : Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.*

Enter Musitions.

Nur : Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case.

Exit.

100

1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter

68 *Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,
In these confusions heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :

72 Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The most you fought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
76 And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.

O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
80 Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and stick your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
84 And in her best array beare her to Church :
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
88 Turpe from their office to black Funerall :
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast :
Our solemne himnes to fullen dyrges change :
92 Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse :
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go fir *Paris*, euery one prepare
96 To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue :
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill :
Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

100 *Mus.* Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Fid. I my my troath, the case may be amended. [*Exit omnes.*

K 3

Enter

68. *confusions care*] *confusions, care* Qq. *confusions : Care* Ff.
69. *confusions*] [] Q3, 4.
Ff. [:] Q5.

75. *she*] *that sh* F2, 3, 4.

77. *it selfe*] *himselfe* Q5.

85. *some*] *fond* F2, 3, 4.
us all] *all us* Ff.

90. *buriall*] *funerall* Q5.

[*Exeunt manent Musici*]
Q4, 5. [*Exeunt*] Ff.
99. *Musi.*] *Mu.* Ff.

102. *Fid.*] *Mu.* Ff.
my my] *by my* Qq. Ff.
[*Exeunt omnes*] Qq. om.
Ff.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser : Alack alack what thal I doe, come Fidlers play me
some mery dumpe.

1. A fir, this is no time to play.

108

Ser : You will not then ?

1. No marry will wee.

Ser : Then will I giue it you, and foundly to.

1. What will you giue us ?

112

Ser : The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser : I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,

1 Lets heare.

Ser : When griping grieffe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:

124

Then musique with her filuer found,

Why filuer found? Why filuer found?

1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet found.

128

Ser : Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?

2. I thinke because Musitions found for filuer.

Ser : Prettie too : come, what say you?

3. I say nothing.

132

Ser : I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the
Singer. I saye Siluer found, because such Fellowes as you
haue fildome Golde for founding. Farewell Fidlers, fare-
well.

Exit.

1. Farewel

Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Mufitions, oh Mufitions, harts eafe, harts eafe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts eafe.

Fidler. Why harts eafe?

Peter. O Mufitions, becaufe my hart it felfe plaies my hart is
O play me fome merie dump to comfort me. (full :

Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you foundly.

Minst. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the feruing-creatures dagger on your
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa (pate.
You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Anfwere me like men. (yron dagger.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then mufique with
her filuer found.

Why filuer found, why mufique, with her filuer found, what fay
you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary fir, becaufe filuer hath a sweet found.

Peter. Prates, what fay you Hugh Rebick?

2. *M.* I fay filuer found, becaufe Mufitions found for filuer.

Peter. Prates to, what fay you Iames found poft?

3. *M.* Faith I know not what to fay.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.

I will fay for you, it is mufique with her filuer found,
Becaufe Mufitions haue no gold for founding:

Then Mufique with her filuer found with speedy help doth
lend redrefse.

Exit.
Minst.

[Enter Peter.] Q₄, 5. Ff.

105. Fidler.] Mu. Ff.

106. *is full*] *is full of woe*
Q₄, 5.

107. *O . . . comfort me*]
om. Ff.

108. Minstrels.] Mu. Ff.

110. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

112. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

114. *Minstrell*] *minstrell*
F₂, 3, 4.

115. Minstrel.] Mu. Ff.

116. *lay*] *say* Q₄.

119. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

121. *Then . . . wit.*] Given
to Peter Q₄, 5.

128. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

129. *Prates*] *Pratest* Q₃,
Ff. *Pratee* Q₄, 5.

131. *Prates to,*] *Pratest*
to, Q₃. F₁, 2. *Pratee*
to, Q₄. *Pratee too*: Q₅.
Pratest too, F₃, 4.
sound post] *Sound-Post*
Ff.

132. 3. M.] 3 Mu. Ff.

1. Farewell and be handg : come lets goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

V. I.

Rom : If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame pefagde some good euent to come.
My bofome Lord fits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead :
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd fuch life with kifses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

8

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,

12

How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe :
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

16

Balt : Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleeps in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.

Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of fuch bad tidings.

Rom : Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.
Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horfe,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

24

Balt : Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare :
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

28

Rom : Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horfe : stay not I say.

Exit

Min. What a peffilent knaue is this fame ?

M. 2. Hang him Iack, come wee in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

138. *Min.*] *Mu. Ff.*

[*Exeunt.*] Q4, 5.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne :

And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.

Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possesse
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier ?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well :
How doth my Lady *Iuliet* ? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepest in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office fir.

Rom. Is it in so ? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you fir, haue patience :
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misaduenture.

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Haft

3. *L.*] *Lord* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
in] on Q5.

4. *this day an*] *thisan day*
an F1. this winged F2,
3, 4.
vnacustomd] *ucustom'd*
F1.

7. *dreame that giues*] *dreames that giues* Q4.
dreames that giue Q5.

[*Enter Romeos man* *Balthazer*] Q4, 5.

18. *Capels*] *Capulet* s F4.

24. *in*] *even* Qq. Ff.
denie] *deny* F2, 3, 4, Q5.
25. *knowest*] *know'st* Q5.

Exit Balthazar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember

36

Here dwells a Pothecharie whom oft I noted

40

As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes :
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,

44

Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought :
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need : and here about he dwels.

52

Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo : VVho calls, what would you fir?

60

Rom : Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,

As will dispatch the wearie takers life,

As suddenly as powder being fierd

From

32 Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier ?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

[Exit Man.] Ff.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
36 Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night :
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

I do remember an Appothecarie,
40 And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tatted weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones :

44 And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuf, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,

48 Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.

Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
52 An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,

56 And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie.

60 *Appo.* Who calls so lowd ?

Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue

A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
64 As will dispearfe it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be dischargd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth

40. a] om. Fr. he F2, 3, 4,
Q5.

52. An] And Q5, F3, 4.

[Enter Appothecarie.] Ff.

61. Kom.] Rom. Qq. Ff.

63. speeding] spreading
Q5.

65. life-wearie-taker] life-
wearie taker Q5.

From forth a Cannons mouth.

Apo : Such drugs I haue I muſt of force confeſſe,
But yet the law is death to thoſe that ſell them.

*

Rom : Art thou ſo bare and full of pouertie,
And dooſt thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law :
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miſerie,
And ſtarued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

Apo : My pouertie but not my will conſents.

Rom : I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

Apo : Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will ſerue had you the liues of twenty men.

Rom : Hold, take this gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules

Than this which thou haſt giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,

Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleſh.
Come cordiall and not poyſon, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue : for there muſt I viſe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn.

John : VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho ?

Laur : This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

Iohn : Going to ſeeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to affociate mee,
Here in this Cittie viſiting the ſick,
VVhereas the infectious peſtilence remaind :
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both ſhut vp.

Laur :

68

80

88

V. 2.

8

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe :
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoordes no law to make thee rich :
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

Poti. My pouertie, but not my will consents.

Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.

Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twentie men, it would dispatch you straight.

Ro. There is thy Gold, worfe poyson to mens foules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore cōpounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast fold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This fame should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo* ?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to affotiate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious peffilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who

69. *Poti.*] App. & Ap. Ff.
(also at lines 78, 80.)

72. *fearest*] *fear'st* Ff. Q5.

73. *thy*] *thine* Q5, F3, 4.

74. *hangs upon*] *hang on*
F2, 3, 4. *hang upon* Q5.

79. *pray*] *pay* Q4, 5.

83. *There is*] *There's* Ff.

84. *murther*] *murthers* Q4.
murder F3, 4. *murders*
Q5.

85. *maiest*] *maist* Q4.
maist Q5, F3, 4.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

[Enter Frier Lawrence] Ff.

4. *if his*] *if* F2, 3, 4.

Laur : VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo* ?

Iohn : I haue them still, and here they are.

Laur : Now, by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
A spade and mattocke.

20

Iohn : Well I will presently go fetch thee them.

Exit.

Laur : Now must I to the Monument alone,
Leaft that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie.

Exit.

24

*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete water.*

V. 3

Par : Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
ground.

4

And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy : I will my Lord.

Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par : Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
bed :

12

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie :
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doft remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo* ?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger : Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother ile go and bring it thee.

(*Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will befhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clofde in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene :
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.

Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe :

Nightly

25. *this*] *these* Q5.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

1. *aloofe*] *aloft* F1, 2, 3.

3. *young*] *yong* Q4.

along] *alone* F2, 3.

4. *Holding*] *Laying* F3, 4.

10. *alone*] *along* F2.

[*Exit.*] F2, 3, 4.

12. *strew*] [.] Q3, 4. [.]

The rest.

13. *Canapie*] *Canopie* F1.

Canopy Q5, F2, 3, 4.

14. *dewe*] *new* Q5.

Boy whiffles and calls. My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a
a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

Par : The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What curfed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom : Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching I-
ron.

And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.

So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vse
In deare imployment. but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,

By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

Balt : Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom : So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balt : Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom : Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morfell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par : This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues cosen, I will apprehend him. Stop

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curf'd foote wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,

Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearest or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face :

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,

A precious Ring : a Ring that I must vse,

In deare employment, therefore hence be gone :

But if thou iealous dost returne to prie

In what I farther shall intend to doo,

By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,

And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims :

The time and my intents are sauage wilde,

More fierce and more inexorable farre,

Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

Pet. I will be gone fir, and not trouble ye.

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,

Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this fame, ile hide me here about,

His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morfell of the earth :

Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,

And in despite ile cram thee with more foode.

Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,

That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe

It

19. way] wayes F1.

21. muffle me night] night
muffle me Q5.

[Enter Romeo and Bal-
thazer his man] Q4, 5.
22. that] the Qq.

26. hearest] hear'st Ff. Q5.

34. farther] further Ff.

40. Pet.] Balt. Q4, 5. (also
at line 43.)
ye] you Qq. Ff.
41. friendship] friendship
Qq. Ff.

[Exit.] F2, 3, 4.

Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.
 Can vengeance be purfued further then death?
 I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

56

The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou muft dye,

Rom : I muft indeed, and therefore came I hither,
 Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

* Heape not another finne vpon my head
 By fheding of thy bloud, I doe proteft
 I loue thee better then I loue my felfe :
 For I come hyther armed againft my felfe,

64

Par : I doe defie thy coniurations :
 And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

68

Rom : What doft thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy : O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par : Ah I am flaine, if thou be mercifull
 Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

72

Rom : Yfaith I will, let me perufe this face,
Mercutios kinfman, noble County *Paris* ?
 What faid my man, when my betoffed foule
 Did not regard him as we paff along.
 Did he not fay *Paris* fhould haue married
Iuliet ? eyther he faid fo, or I dreamd it fo.

76

But I will fatisfie thy laft request,
 For thou haft prizd thy loue aboue thy life.

Death

It is supposed the faire creature died,
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
 Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague* :
 Can vengeance be pursued further then death ?

Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
 Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,

Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,
 Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
 Put not an other sin vpon my head,

By vrging me to furie, & be gone,

By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,

For I come hither armde against my selfe :

Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,

A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy commiration,
 And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me ? then haue at thee boy.

O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Par. O I am flaine, if thou be mercifull,
 Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*,

Rom. I faith I will, let me peruse this face,

Mercutios kinfman, Noble Countie *Paris*,

What said my man, when my betossed soule

Did not attend him as we rode ? I thinke

He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*.

Said he not so ? or did I dreame it so ?

Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,

To thinke it was so ? O giue me thy hand,

One writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke,

Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth :

For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes

This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

59. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq.
 Ff.

60. *these*] *those* Ff.

67. *bid*] *bad* Q5.

68. *commiration*] *commis-*
seration Q3, Ff. *com-*
miseration Q4, 5, F2,
 3, 4.

71. Given to Pet. Ff., to
 Page. Q4, 5, and printed
 in rom.

75. *Mercutios*] *Mercutius*
 Q3, Ff, 2, 3.

Death

Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
 How oft haue many at the houre of death
 Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death But how may I
 Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,

88

How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
 O I beleue that vnsubstanciall death,
 Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

104

Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
 Set vp my euerlasting rest
 With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

112

L Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
 The dashing rockes thy fea-ficke weary barge.
 Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
 Thy drugs are fwift: thus with a kisse I dye.

Falls.
Enter

124

88 Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
 How oft when men are at the point of death,
 Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death? Oh how may I
 92 Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
 Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet
 Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 96 And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
 O what more fauour can I do to thee,
 Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
 100 To funder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeeue,
 Shall I beleeeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
 104 And that the leane abhorred monster keepest
 Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
 For feare of that I still will staie with thee,
 And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
 108 Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
 Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
 O true Appothecarie!
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
 112 Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
 With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
 Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
 116 From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
 Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
 The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
 A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
 120 Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,
 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barke:
 Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
 124 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

L 3

Enter

100. *thine*] *thy* Ff.

107. *pallat*] *pallace* Qq. Ff.
night.] [.] om. Qq. Ff.
 108—111. *Depart . . . die*
 om. Q4, 5.
 108. *arme*] *armes* Ff.

116. *world wearied*] Hy-
 phenated Qq. Ff. *worlds*
wearied F2, 3, 4.

*

Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue theſe my aged feete
 Stumbled at graues as I did paſſe along.
 Whoſe there?

Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.

Fr: Who is it that comforts ſo late the dead,
 What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
 Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?

Man It doth ſo holy Sir, and there is one
 That loues you dearely.

Fr. Who is it?

Man: *Romeo.*

Fr: How long hath he beene there?

Man: Full halfe an houre and more.

Fr: Goe with me thether.

Man: I dare not fir, he knowes not I am heere:
 On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
 And not for to diſturbe him in his enterprize.

Fr: Then muſt I goe: my minde preſageſh ill.

Fryer ſtoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that ſtaines the entrance
 Of this marble ſtony monument?

What meanes theſe maiſterles and goory weapons?

Ah me I doubt, whoſe heere? what *Romeo* dead?

Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre

Is acceſſary to ſo foule a finne?

Iuliet riſes.

The Lady ſturies.

[*Iul:*]

Ah comfortable Fryer.

I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
 And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot ſee
 Him for whoſe ſake I vndertooke this hazard.

Fr: Lady come forth, I heare ſome noiſe at hand,

We

[*Iul:*] catchword in the
 original.

*

132

136

140

148

152

156

*Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe,
and Spade.*

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?

Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

128 *Frier.* Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

132 *Man.* It doth so holy fir, and theres my maister, one that you
Frier. Who is it? (loue.

Man. *Romeo.*

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

136 *Man.* Full halfe an houre.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not fir.

140 My Maister knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Frier. Stay then ile go alone; feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnthrifitie thing.

144 *Man.* As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maister and another fought,
And that my maister slew him.

Frier. *Romeo.*

148 Alack alack, what bloud is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these maisterlesse and goarie fwords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
152 *Romeo,* oh pale! who else, what *Paris* too?
And sleept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

156 *Iuli.* O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Frier. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of

Entrer . . .] Enter . . . Qq.
Ff.

125. S.] St. Q3. Ff. *Saint*
Q4. 5.
Frances] *Francis* Qq. Ff.
127. Man.] Balt. Q4. 5
(also at lines 132, 134,
136, 138, 144).

131. *Capels*] *Capulet's* F4.

132. *It . . . sir*] separate
line Ff.

142. *feare comes*] *feares*
comes Ff. *feares come*
F2, 3, 4.
143. *vnthrifitie*] *unlucky*
Qq. Ff.
144. *yong*] *young* Qq. Ff.

156. *where is*] *where's* Ff.

We shall be taken, *Paris* he is flaine,
 And *Romeo* dead : and if we heere be tane
 We shall be thought to be as accessarie.

164

I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.

Iul : Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

Fr : I heare some noife, I dare not stay, come, come.

168

Iul : Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup clofde in my louers hands ?

Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch : This way, this way.

Iul : I, noife ? then must I be resolute.

176

O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,

Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap : Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere ?

See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,

184

New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.

Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

I. Capitaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,

192

Fitte

160 Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
 A greater power then we can contradiſt
 Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
 Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead :
 164 And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
 Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes :
 Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
 Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

168 *Iuli.* Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
 Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
 Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end :
 O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
 172 To help me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
 Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
 To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
 Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

176 *Watch.* Leade boy, which way.

Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
 This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.

Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.

180 *Watch.* The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Churchyard.
 Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
 Pittifull fight, heere lies the Countie ſlaine,
 And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead :
 184 Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
 Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
 Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
 We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
 188 But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
 We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.

Chief. watch. Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come hither.

Exter Frier, and another Watchman.

192 3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepes,
 We

171. *drunke all,*] *drinke*
all, Q^o, F^o. *drinke all?*
 F^o, 2, 3.
left] *leau* Q^o.

176. *way.*] [?] Q^o, F^o.
 177. *Yea noiſe*] ſeparate
 line F^o.
 178. *This is*] *Ti s* is Q^o.
Ti s in F^o.
 [Kills herſelfe] F^o.
 179. *Watch boy.*] Boy Q^o,
 5, F^o.

184. *this*] *theſe* Q^o, F^o.

191. *Chief. watch.*] Con. F^o.
come] comes F^o, 3, 4.

*

Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap : A great fuspition, keep him fafe.

Enter one with Romets Man.

1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.

Capt : Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin : What early mifchiefe calls vs vp fo foone.

196

Capt : O noble Prince, fee here

Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warne and frefh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewife newly flaine.

204

Prin : Search feeke about to finde the murderers.

Entor olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo : What rumor's this that is fo early vp ?

Moth : The people in the ftreetes crie *Romeo*,
And fome on *Iuliet* : as if they alone
Had been the caufe of fuch a mutinie.

200

Capo : See Wife, this dagger hath miftooke :
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Montague*,
And it is fheathed in our Daughters breaft.

212

Enter olde Montague.

Prin : Come *Montague*, for thou art early vp,
To fee thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

216

Mount : Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceafed too :
What further mifchiefe can there yet be found ?

220

Prin : Firft come and fee, then fpeake.

Mount : O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To preffe before thy Father to a graue.

Prin : Come feale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs feeke to finde the Authors out

224

Of

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.

Chief watch. A great fuspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

196 *Prin.* What misadventure is so early vp,
That calls our perfon from our morning rest?

Enter Capels.

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the freet crie *Romeo*,
200 Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
204 And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warne and new kild. (comes.)

Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
208 With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds!
212 Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it misheathd in my daughters bofome.

Wife. O me, this fight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

216 *Prin.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.

220 What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?

224 *Prin.* Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

194. *Church-yards]*

Church-yard Q3. Ff.

Churchyard Q4. 5.

195. *Chief watch]* Con. Ff.

too too.] too, too. Q3, 4.

too. Q5. Ff.

197. *morning]* *mornings*

Q4, 5. Ff.

[*Enter Capulet and his*

Wife] Q4, 5. Ff.

198. *is so shrike]* *they so*

shrike Qq. Ff. (*shriek*

F4.)

207. *Slaughter]* *Slaugh-*
terd Qq. Ff.

[*Enter . . .] om. Q4, 5.*
Ff. (see above).

210. *heauens]* *heaven* Qq.
Ff.

213. *if]* *is* Qq. Ff.

misheathd] *misheathed*

F1, 2, 3, Q5. *mis-sheathed*

F4.

217. *earling]* *early* Qq. Ff.

220. *mine]* *my* Qq. Ff.

224. *outrage]* *out-rage* Q4,
F3, 4.

Of fuch a hainous and feld feene inifchaunce.

Bring forth the parties in fufpition.

Fr: I am the greateft able to doo leaft.

Moſt worthie Prince, heare me but ſpeake the truth.

* And Ile informe you how theſe things fell out.

Iuliet here flaine was married to that *Romeo*,

Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:

The Nurſe was priuie to the marriage.

The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,

Vvas *Tybalts* doomeſday: for which *Romeo*

Vvas baniſhed from hence to *Mantua*.

He gone, her Father fought by foule constraint

To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule

(Loathing a ſecond Contraſt) did reſuſe

To giue conſent; and therefore did ſhe vrge me

Either to finde a meanes ſhe might auoyd

248

VVhat ſo her Father fought to force her too:

Or els all deſperately ſhe threatned

Euen in my preſence to diſpatch her ſelfe.

Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)

A potion that ſhould make her ſeeme as dead:

252

And told her that I would with all poſt ſpeed

Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,

That he might come and take her from the Toombe.

256

But he that had my Letters (*Frier John*)

Seeking a Brother to aſſociate him,

VVhereas the ſicke infection remaind,

VVas ſtayed by the Searchers of the Towne,

But *Romeo* vnderſtanding by his man,

That *Iuliet* was deceaſde, returnde in poſt

Vnto *Verona* for to ſee his loue.

VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,

Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.

But

And know their spring, their head, their true discent,
 And then will I be generall of your woes,
 And leade you euen to death, meane time forbear, e
 And let mischance be slaue to patience,
 Bring foorth the parties of suspition.

Frier. I am the greatest able to do least,
 Yet most suspected as the time and place
 Doth make against me of this direfull murder :
 And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
 My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

Frier. I will be brieft, for my short date of breath
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
 And she there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife :
 I married them, and their stolne marriage day
 Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death
 Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie.

For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
 You to remoue that siege of griefe from her
 Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
 To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meane
 To rid her from this second mariage :

Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
 Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
 A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
 That he should hither come as this dire night
 To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
 Being the time the potions force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, *Frier Iohn*,
 Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
 Returnd my letter back, then all alone
 At the prefixed hower of her waking,

M

Came

233. *Doth*] *Doe* Q5.240. *thats*] *that's* Ff. *that*
Q4, 5.248. *meane*] *meanes* Qq. Ff.259. *stayed*] *stay'd* Ff.

But when I came to take the Lady hence,

I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep :

VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,

268

VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.

Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,

VVhat afterhappened I am ignorapt of.

And if in this ought haue miscaried.

*

By me, or by my meanes let my old life

Be sacrificed some houre before his time.

To the most strickeft rigor of the Law.

276

Pry : VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,

VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this ?

Balth : I brought my maister word that thee was dead,

280

And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,

Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,

Charging me early giue them to his Father.

Prin : Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.

VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch ?

Boy : I brought my Master vnto *Juliets* graue,

288

But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.

At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.

And this is all that I can say or know.

Prin : These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,

Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.

VVhere

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
 Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,
 264 Till I conueniently could fend to *Romeo*.
 But when I came, fome minute ere the time
 Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 268 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
 And beare this worke of heauen with patience :
 But then a noyfe did scare me from the Tombe,
 And ſhe too desperate would not go with me :
 272 But as it ſeemes, did violence on her ſelfe.
 Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurſe is priuie :
 And if ought in this miſcaried by my fault,
 Let my old life be ſacrific'd ſome houre before his time,
 276 Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
 Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he ſay to this?

280 *Balth.* I brought my maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
 And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*,
 To this ſame place. To this ſame monument
 This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
 284 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
 Where is the Counties Page that raid the Watch?
 Sirrah, what made your maiſter in this place?

288 *Boy.* He came with flowers to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
 And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did,
 Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
 And by and by my maiſter drew on him,
 292 And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
 Their courſe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
 And here he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
 296 Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
 Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
 Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

See

266. *awakening*] *awaking*
Qq. Ff.

268. *entreated her*] *intreat*
her to F4.

273. *her*] *the* Q5.

275. *his*] *the* Qq. Ff.

277. *a*] *an* F4.

279. *Balth*] *Boy* Ff.

281. *place. To . . . monu-*
ment] *place, to . . . monu-*
ment. Ff. Q5.

288. *Boy.*] *Page* Ff.

VWhere are these enemies? see what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.

304

Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.

308

Cap: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

312

Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

316

FINIS.

300 See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
 That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
 And I for winking at your discords too,
 Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punisht.

304 *Cap.* O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
 This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
 Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
 For I will raie her statue in pure gold,
 308 That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
 There shall no figure at such rate be fet,
 As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

312 *Capel.* As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
 Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
 The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head :
 Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
 316 Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
 For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
 Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

299. *hate* ?] [,] Q5, Ff.

300. *loue,*] [,] Q5, Ff.

302. *brace*] *brase* Qq.

307. *raie*] *raise* Q4, 5, Ff.

309. *such*] *that* Qq. Ff.

311. *Romeos . . . Ladies*] *Romeo . . . Lady* Ff.
Romeo's . . . Ladies Q5.
 313. *glooming*] *gloomy* F4.

316. *pardoned*] *pardon'd* Ff.

[Exeunt Omnes] Ff.

F I N I S.



Romeo and Juliet.

Reprint of (Q^o 1) 1597.

EDITED BY
P. A. DANIEL.

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NOTICE.

Romeo and Juliet.

(Q1) 1597.

THIS reproduction of the earliest, and imperfect, edition of *Romeo and Juliet* has been printed directly from the facsimile prepared by Mr E. W. Ashbee, under the direction of Mr J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), and has been carefully compared with the Quarto in the British Museum (Press mark, C. 34. k. 58). It is printed line for line, and page for page, with the original.

The collation of Steevens's, Mommsen's, and the Cambridge Editors' reprints of this play, given with Mr H. H. Furness's reprint in the first volume of his '*New Variorum Shakespeare*,' has been of great assistance to me in my endeavour to secure accuracy for this reprint.

One peculiarity of the original should be mentioned, as it is not here reproduced. From Signature E, inclusive, to the end of the play, a smaller type is used than that with which the preceding pages are printed; and the running title is changed from '*The most excellent Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet*' to '*The excellent Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet*.'

In some few places I have not deemed it necessary to reproduce the typographical phenomena of the original, such as turned letters, &c.

For the loan of his valuable copy of the facsimile the Society is greatly indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens.

P. A. DANIEL.



A N
E X C E L L E N T
conceited Tragedie
O F
Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaid publicuely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunfdon*
his Seruants.



L O N D O N,
Printed by Iohn Danter.

1 5 9 7.

The Prologue.

T*Wo household Friends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croft Louers tooke their life :
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.*

The most excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.

G *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
the collar.

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
see I am a tall peece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fith, for if thou wert thou
wouldst be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

1 I

a—Q1.

1

The most excellent Tragedie,

1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,
take it in what fence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in fence that feele it, but heere
comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Servingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin
first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs?

Enter Beneuolio.

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinfman.

*They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the
Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and
his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince: Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Your liues fhall pay the ranfome of your fault :
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleafure in this cafe,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who fet this auncient quarrel firft abroach ?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?

Benuo: Here were the feruants of your aduerfaries,
And yours clofe fighting ere I did approch.

Wife: Ah where is *Romeo*, faw you him to day ?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worfhipt funne
Peept through the golden window of the Eaft,
A troubled thought drew me from companie :
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Weftward rooteth from the Citties fide,
So early walking might I fee your fonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood :
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That moft are bufied when th'are moft alone,
Purfued my honor, not purfuing his.

Moun: Black and portentious muft this honor proue,
Vnleffe good counfaile doo the caufe remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the caufe ?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but ftand you both afide,
He know his grievance, or be much denied.

B

Mount

The most excellent Tragedie,

Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

Benuo: Good morrow Cofen.

Romeo: Is the day so young?

Ben: But new stroke nine.

Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

Ben: In loue. (short.

Ro: Out.

Ben: Of loue.

Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue,
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes ferious vanitie!
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cofe I rather weepe.

Rom: Good hart at what?

Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.

Ro: Why such is louses transgression,

Griefes

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this grieve that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more grieve to too much of mine owne :
Loue is a smoke raifde with the fume of fighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes :
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet. Farewell Cofe.

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.

And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

Ro: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben: Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?

Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.

Ro: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.

In sadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.

Ben: I aime so right, when as you said you lou'd.

Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

Ben: A right faire marke faire Cofe is soonest hit.

Ro: But in that hit you misle, shee'le not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,

And in strong prooffe of chastitie well arm'd :

Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnarm'd,

Shee'le not abide the sledge of louing tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,

Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when she dies with beautie dies her store.

Exeu.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

The most excellent Tragedie,

And pittie tis they liue at ods so long :
But leauing that, what say you to my sute ?

Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attaine to fourteene yeares :
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.

Cap: But too soone made are these so early married .
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue : yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treading stars, that make darke heauen light :
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shall be.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingman.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out :
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here
and

of Romeo and Iuliet.

and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Penfill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.

Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Saigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie
Anfelme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widow of
Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces,
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vnclie Capu-
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and

The most excellent Tragedie,

*Liua, Seigneur Valentio and his Cofen Tibalt, Lucio
and the liuelie Hellena.*

A faire aſſembly, whether ſhould they come ?

Ser: Vp.

Ro: Whether to ſupper ?

Ser: To our houſe.

Ro: Whoſe houſe ?

Ser: My Maſters.

Ro: Indeed I ſhould haue aſkt thee that before.

Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Maſter is
the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of
Mountagues, I pray come and cruth a cup of wine. Reſt
you merrie.

Ben: At this fame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rofaline* whom thou ſo loues
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all ſeeing ſonne
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben: Tut you ſaw her faire none els being by,
Her ſelfe poy'd with her ſelfe in either eye :
But in that Criſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you thining at this feaſt,
And the ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Rom: Ile goe along no ſuch fight to be ſhowne,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

Wife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid.*

Wher's this girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet: How now who cal's?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

WV: This is the matter. Nurce giue leaue a while, we must talke in secreet. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'fe heare our counsaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

WVife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?*

WVife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Sufan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. WVell Sufan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Douehouse wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine; But as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*

to

The most excellent Tragedie,

to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is aleauen yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward, Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my troth she fainted and cried I.

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.

Nurce: Well goe thy waies, God mark thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nursed, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Wife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadst sucked wisedome from thy Teat.

Wife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes thee for his Wife.

Nurce: A man young *Ladie*, *Ladie* such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.

Wife: *Veronaes* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurce: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

Wife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,
the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extremitie,
make hast for I must be gone to waite.*

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stokes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the fenceles rufhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phraze,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouse, the Cunftables old word,
If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stickst.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

C

Rom: Nay

The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Nay thats not so. *Mer:* I meane fir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske :
But tis no wit to goe.

Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske ?

Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer: And so did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours ?

Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.

Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things

Mer: Ah then I see *Queene Mab* hath bin with you.

Ben: *Queene Mab* whats she ?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Athwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Grafhoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lath of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this fort she gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue :
O're Courtiers knees : who strait on curfies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait :
Which oft the angrie *Mab* with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are :
Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

And then dreames he of smelling out a fute,
And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice :
Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
Of healthes five fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare : at which he startes and wakes,
And sweares a Praier or two and sleepest againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttish haire,
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which woos euen now the frofē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.

Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a dispiſed life, cloſde in this breast,
By ſome vntimelie forſet of vile death :

The most excellent Tragedie,

But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come nere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah firra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cosen *Capulet:*
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cof: By Ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some fise and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

Cof: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.

The

of Romeo and Iuliet.

The meafure done, iie watch her place of ftand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forfwear it fight,
I neuer faw true beautie till this night.

Tib: This by his voice fhould be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the flauie
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To fcorne and ieere at our folemnitie?
Now by the ftocke and honor of my kin,
To ftrike him dead I hold it for no fin.

Ca: Why how now Cofen, wherfore ftorme you fo.

Ti: Yncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in fpight,
To mocke at our folemnitie this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*. (man,

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
And to fpeake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my houle doo him difparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire prefence, and put off thefe frownes,
An ill befeeming femblance for a feaft.

Ti: It fits when fuch a villaine is a gueft,
He not indure him.

Ca: He fhallbe indured, goe to I fay, he fhall,
Am I the Mafter of the houle or you?
You'le not indure him? God fhall mend my foule
You'le make a mutenie amongft my guefts,
You'le fet Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

Ti: Yncle tis a shame.

The most excellent Tragedie,

Ca: Goe too, you are a faucie knaue,
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well faid my hartes. Be quiet :
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,

Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings :
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle finne is this :
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this : (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too ?

Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

Ro: Why then faire faint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, leaft faith turne to dispaire.

Iu: Saints doe not moouue though : grant nor praier
forfake.

Ro: Then moouue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde !
Giue me my sinne againe.

Iu: You kisse by the booke.

Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*

Rom: What is her mother ?

Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
house, and a good Lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nurse
her*

of Romeo and Iuliet.

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.

Rom: Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolith banquet towards.

They whisper in his eare.

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.

Exeunt.

Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*

Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

Nur: *That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.* (dance?)

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: *I know not.*

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur: *His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely sonne of your greatemie.*

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnkowne and knowne too late: ,
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathedemie.

Nurse: *Whats this? what's that?*

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of
one I dancst with.

Nurse: *Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe a long with you.*

Exeunt.

Enter

The most excellent Tragedie,

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my cosen Romeo.

Mer: Doeft thou heare he is wife,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*.

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, pafsion, liuer, appeare thou ir
likenes of a figh: ſpeak but one rime & I am ſatiſfied, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, ſpeake to
my goſſip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her
purblinde ſonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee
that ſhot ſo trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and ſcarlet lip, her
prettie foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the
demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneſſe
thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one ſhuld
raife a ſpirit in his Miſtris circle of ſome ſtrange faſhion,
making it there to ſtand till ſhe had laid it, and coniurde
it downe, that were ſome ſpite. My inuocation is faire
and honeſt, and in his Miſtris name I coniure onely but
to raife vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himſelfe amongſt thoſe trees,
To be conſorted wth the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and beſt beſits the darke.

Mer:

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his Miftris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with grieve:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region streame so bright,
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,

D

That

The most excellent Tragedie,

That I might kisse that cheek.

Iul: Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
As is a winged messenger of heauen (head,
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.

Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemy.
Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiste,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doe'st stumble on my counsaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the found:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

Iu: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death confidering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch thefe wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie. (here.

Iul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their fight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest fea,
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

The most excellent Tragedie,

What I haue spoke : but farewell complements.
Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word : but if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maiest proue false :
At Louers periuries they ſay Ioue ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,
So thou wilt wooe : but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light :
But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loues Paſſion : therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Ro: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.

Iul: O ſweare not by the Moone the vnconſtant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And Il'e beleue thee.

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Swear not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too raſh too ſodaine, too vnaduifde,

Too

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.

Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

Iul: *Romeo, Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?

Ro: It is my foule that calles vpon my name,
How filuer sweet found louers tongues in night.

Iul: *Romeo?*

Ro: Madame.

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.

Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

Rom: And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a filke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis. (night,

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet,

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue :
Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse :
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power :
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tasted slaies all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worfer is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

Fri: *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me ?
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie :
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines :
Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
Thou art vprowld by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline* ?

Ro: With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no, (then ?
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemye :

Where

The most excellent Tragedie,

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleffed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling thrift.

Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is fet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forfooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
The funne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Frier

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

Rom: And badst me burie loue.

Fr: Not in a graue,

To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fr: Oh she knew well

Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy asisstant bee:
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue.

Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not
home to night?

Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer: Ah that fame pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (*saline,*

Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers Houfe:
Some Challenge on my life.

Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee
challenged.

Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is already dead: stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boys but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben: Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh
he is the couragious capitaine of complements. Catfo, he

E

fightes

The excellent Tragedie

fightes as you sing pricke-long, keepees time dyfiance and proportion, refts me his minum reft one two and the thirde in your bofome, the very butcher of a filken button, a Duellift a Duellift, a gentleman of the very firft houfe of the firft and fecond caufe, ah the immortall Paffado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of fuch limping antique affecting fantafticoes thefe new tuners of accents. By Iefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundfir is not this a miserable cafe that we fhould be ftill afflicted with thefe ftrange flies: thefe fashionmongers, thefe pardonmees, that ftand fo much on the new forme, that they cannot fitte at eafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flefh flefh how art thou fifhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy *Cleopatra* a Gypſie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harlettries: *Thiſbie* a gray eye or fo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curteſie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yefternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The flip the flip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a cafe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a cafe as yours wil conſtraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moſt curteous expoſition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt
worne

of Romeo and Iuliet.

worne out thy Pumpe, that when the fingle sole of it is woru the iest may remaine after the wearing solie finguler.

Rom: O fingle soald iest solie finguler for the finglenes.

Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and spurres, fwits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fue: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Mer: A faile, a faile, a faile.

E a

Ben: Two

The excellent Tragedie

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lessè I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman *Nurse*, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worfe.

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wisely, wifely.

Nu: If you be he fir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No hare fir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walks by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore,
is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio:

Nurf:

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what faucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawn: you know my tooles is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: scurrie Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behaiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

The excellent Tragedie

Must be my conduct in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurffe
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.

Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.

Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,

And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,

Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurffe.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurffe,

What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua
vitæ.

Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iauunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurffe, what sayes *Romeo*?

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-
riage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a
kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a
kinde

of Romeo and Iuliet.

kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poulteffe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your selfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now, What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:
There staves a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*.

Euent.

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Confists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those neuer parting bands,
Witness of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power,

Iul: *Romeo*.

a—Q1. 3

Rom:

The excellent Tragedie

Rom : My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaf'd in Nights myfts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.

Jul : I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne : shine foorth, and make me faire.

Rom : All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Iul : *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr : Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioyn'd ye both in one.

Rom : Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Iul : Make haft, make haft, this lingring doth vs wröng.

Fr : O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Haft is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben : I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer : Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and fayer, God send me no need of thee : and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben : Am I like such a one ?

Mer : Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
and as foone mooude to be moodie, and as foone moodie to
be mooud.

Ben : And what too ?

Mer : Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue
none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst
hassill eyes ? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out
such a quarrell ? With another for coughing, because hee
wakd

of Romeo and Iuliet.

wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Eafter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer. But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Confort. Zwounes confort? the slaue wil make fiddlers of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. *Alla stockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldst with me?

F

Mer:

The excellent Tragedie

Mer : Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, leaft mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom : Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio* : *Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer : Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houfes.

Rom : What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer : Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will ferue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom : I did all for the best.

Mer : A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy : I goe my Lord.

Mer : I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peafantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy : Hee's come fir.

Mer : Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houfes.

Exeunt

Rom : This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation staine
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet*

Thy

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valors feele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben : Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

Rom : This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes muft end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben : Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Rom : A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* flaine?
Away to heauen respectiue lenity :
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'ft me : for *Mercutios* soule,
Is but a little way about the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben : *Romeo* away, thou feest that *Tibalt's* flaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom : Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Ereunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that flue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vil-
laine?

Ben : There is that *Tybalt*.

F 2

Watch : Vp.

The excellent Tragedie

Vp firra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can difcouer all
The moft vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man flaine by yong *Romeo*,
That flew thy kinfman braue *Mercutio*,

M: *Tibalt, Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is fpilt
Of my deare kinfman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, thed bloud of *Mountagew*.

Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?

Ben: *Tibalt* heere flaine whom *Romeos* hand did flay.
Romeo who fpake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tibalt* ftill perfifting in his wrong,
The ftout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the ftorme,
Which *Romeo* feeing cal'd flay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As faft as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrufts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* caft an enuious thruft,
That rid the life of ftout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but prefently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.

Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and fpeakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all thofe twenty could but kill one life.

I doe

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

Prin : And for that offence

Immediately we doo exile him hence.

I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,

My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.

But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,

That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,

Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :

Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul : Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To *Phæbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder
of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse : O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?

Nur : I, I, the cordes : alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

Iul : What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

Nurf : Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.

Iul : This torture should be roard in disinnall hell.
Can heauens be so enuious?

Nur : *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God saue the sample, on his manly breast :
A bloodie coarfe, a piteous bloodie coarfe,
All pale as ashes, I fwounded at the sight.

The excellent Tragedie

Iul : Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what difaster hap
Hath feuerd thee from thy true *Juliet* ?
Ah why should Heauen fo much confpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So foone to funder vs by timeleffe Death ?

Nur · O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beft frend I had,
O honeft *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

Iul : What ftorme is this that blowes fo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered :
My deare loude coufen, and my deareft Lord.
Then let the trumpet found a generall doome
Thefe two being dead, then liuing is there none.

Nur : *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banifhed,
Romeo that mured him is banifhed.

Iul : Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand fhed *Tybalts* blood ?

Nur : It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

Iul : O ferpents hate, hid with a flowring face :
O painted fepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing fo foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo* ?

Nur : There is no truth, no faith, no honeftie in men :
All falfe, all faithles, periurde, all forfworne.
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul : A blifter on that tung, he was not borne to shame :
Vpon his face Shame is aſhamde to fit.
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Couſen ?
That villaine Couſen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remains
VVorſe than his death, which faine I would forget :
But ah, it preſſeth to my memorie,
Romeo is banifhed. Ah that word Banifhed
Is worſe than death. *Rom.o* is banifhed,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,
All killd, all flaine, all dead, all banifhed.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurſe ?

Nur : VVeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

VWill you goe to them?

Iul : I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.

Nur : Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

Iul : Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr : *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamoured on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom : Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.

Fr : Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such fowre companie :
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Rom : VVhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?

Fr : A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom : Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death :
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Fr : Hence from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom : There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world :
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fr : Oh monstrous finne, O rude vnthankfulnes :
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rusht aside the law,

And

The excellent Tragedie

And turnd that blacke word death to banishment :
This is meere mercie, and thou seeft it not.

Rom : Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues : and euerie cat and dog,
And little mousfe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable fstate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may feaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And ſteale immortall kiſſes from her lips ;
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may doo this, but I from this muſt flye.
Oh Father hadſt thou no ſtrong poyſon mixt,
No ſharpe ground knife, no preſent meane of death,
Though nere ſo meane, but baniſhment
To torture me withall : ah, baniſhed.

O Frier, the damned uſe that word in hell :
Howling attends it. How hadſt thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghottly Confeſſor,
A ſinne abſoluer, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, Baniſhment ?

Fr : Thou fond mad man, heare me but ſpeake a word.

Rom : O, thou wilt talke againe of Baniſhment.

Fr : Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou be baniſhed.

Rom : Yet Baniſhed ? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fr : O, now I ſee that madmen haue no eares.

Rom : How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no
eyes.

Fr : Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom : Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.

Wert

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
 hayre.

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr : *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu : Hoe Fryer.

Fr : Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur : Hoe Fryer open the doore,

Fr : By and by I come. Who is there ?

Nur : One from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fr : Then come neare.

Nur : Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

Fr : There on the ground, with his owne teares made
drunke.

Nur : Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Iust in her case. Oh wofull sympathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping :
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo : *Nurse*.

Nur : Ah fir, ah fir. Wel death's the end of all.

G

Rom :

The excellent Tragedie

Rom : Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue staine the childhood of her ioy,
With blood remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue?

Nur : Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom : As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curf'd hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may facke
The hatefull mansion?

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.*

Nur : Ah?

Fr : Hold, stay thy hand : art thou a man? thy forme
Cries out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnresonable furies of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill befeeming beast in seeming both.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead :
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou sleest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array :
But like a misbehaude and fullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.

Take

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Take heede, take heede, for fuch dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed :
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set :
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur : Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
He tell my Lady that you will come.

Rom : Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur : Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,

Rom : How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr : Soiorne in *Mantua*, He finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time :
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom : But that a ioy, past ioy cries out on me,
It were a grieve so breefe to part with thee.

*Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with
County Paris.*

Cap : Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

The excellent Tragedie

Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinfman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

Par : These times of woe afford no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet
calles him againe.*

Cap : Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee :
But soft what day is this?

Par : Munday my Lord.

Cap : Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be : you shall be married.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so :
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye :
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what say you to Thursday.

Par : My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap : Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.



Enter.

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*



Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul : Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierft the fearfull hollow of thine eare :
Nightly the fings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom : It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious ftrakes
Doo lace the feuring clowdes in yonder Eaft.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the myftie mountaine tops.
I muft be gone and liue, or ftay and dye.

Iul : Yon light is not day light, I know it I :
It is fome Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then ftay awhile, thou fhalt not goe foone.

Rom : Let me ftay here, let me be tane, and dye :
If thou wilt haue it fo, I am content.
Ile fay yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile fay it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen fo high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Meflenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it fo.
What fayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Jul : It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that fings fo out of tune,
Straining harfh Difcords and vnpleafing Sharpes.
Some fay, the Larke makes sweete Diuifion :

The excellent Tragedie

This doth not fo: for this diuideth vs.
Some fay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſvp to the day,
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our
woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone fo, my Lord, my Loue, my Friend?
I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, fo will I number them:
Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I ſee thee againe.

Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

Jul: Oh, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe.

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.

Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining ſoule.
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.

Rom: And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo doo you,
Drie ſorrow drinks our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurſe haſtely.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all ſure.

She goeth downe from the window.

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.



Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.

Moth : Where are you Daughter ?

Nur : What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet* ?

Iul : How now, who calls ?

Nur : It is your Mother.

Moth : Why how now *Juliet* ?

Iul : Madam, I am not well.

Moth : What euermore weeping for your Cofens death :
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

Iul : I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

Moth : I cannot blame thee.

But it greenes thee more that Villaine liues.

Iul : What Villaine Madame ?

Moth : That Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul : Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

Moth : Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I foone would send to *Mantua* where he is,
That should bestow on him so fure a draught,
As he should foone beare *Tybalt* companie.

Iul : Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man :
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.

Thus for a Kinsman vext ? (newes ?

Moth : Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

Iul : And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth : Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul : What day is that I pray you ?

Moth : Marry my Cailde,

The

The excellent Tragedie

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

Iul : Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
yet.

And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth : Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

Capo : Why how now, euermore showing?

In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme :
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And toft with fighes arising from thy hart :
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what saies
she to it?

Moth : I haue, but she will none she thanks ye :
VVould God that she were married to her graue.

Capo : What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
she not wexe proud?

Iul : Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue :
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

Capo : Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouids, nor thanke me no thanks,
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Iu : Good father heare me speake ?

She kneeles downe.

Cap : I tell thee what, eyther resolute on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church :
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld :
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

Nur : Mary God in heauen blese her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap. And why my Lady wisedome ? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe.

Nur : Why my Lord I speake no treason.

Cap : Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a goffips boule,
For heere we need it not.

Mo : My Lord ye are too hotte.

Cap : Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man :
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee ?

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vfe to iest.

The excellent Tragedie

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend :
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes : for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vfe to iest.

Exit.

Int: Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes ?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say :
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challenge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead :

Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vfe of him.

Iul: Speakest thou this from thy heart ?

Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame ?

Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.

She looks after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most curfed fiend.
Is it more sinne to with me thus forfworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.
He to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.



Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.

And in his wisedome hafts our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

The excellent Tragedie

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

Par : Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife :

Iu : That may be fir, when I may be a wife,

Par : That may be, must be loue, on thurſday next.

Iu : What must be ſhalbe.

Fr : Thats a certaine text.

Par : What come ye to confeſſion to this Fryer.

Iu : To tell you that were to confeſſe to you.

Par : Do not deny to him that you loue me.

Iul : I will confeſſe to you that I loue him,

Par : So I am ſure you will that you loue me.

Iu : And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

Being ſpoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par : Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.

Iu : The teares haue got ſmall victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their ſpite.

Par : Thou wrongſt it more than teares by that report.

Iu : That is no wrong fir, that is a truth :

And what I ſpake I ſpake it to my face.

Par : Thy face is mine and thou haſt flaundred it.

Iu : It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leafure holy Father now :

Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe ?

Fr : My leafure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.

My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.

Par : God ſheild I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,

Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiſſe.

Exit Paris.

Iu : Goe ſhut the doore and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me that am paſt cure, paſt help,

Fr : Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou muſt and nothing may proroge it,

On

of Romeo and Iuliet.

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commisfion of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapt with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepe mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and fauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deereft *Romeo*.

Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze

The excellent Tragedie

Each vitall spirit : for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate :
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

Iul : Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.



*Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and
Seruingman.*

Capo : Where are you firra ?

Ser : Heere forfooth.

Capo : Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser : I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
them by licking their fingers.

Capo : How canst thou know them so ?

Ser : Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
gers.

Capo : Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-strong ?

Moth : Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confest.

Capo : Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,

Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
gadding?

Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
And craue remission of so foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.

Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

Iul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Clofet,
To fort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.

Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently,

Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe:

Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo: I say I will haue this dispatch to morrow,
Goe one and certifie the Count thereof.

Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

Moth: We shall be short in our prouision.

Capo:

The excellent Tragedie

Capo : Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is pasing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt.



Enter Nurfe, Iuliet.

Nur : Come, come, what need you anie thing else ?

Iul : Nothing good Nurfe, but leaue me to my selfe :
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

Nur : Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and fo good night.

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth : What are you busie, doo you need my helpe ?

Iul : No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth : Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

Exit.

Iul : Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion should not worke at all,

Must I of force be married to the Countie ?

This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.

What if the Frier should giue me this drinke

To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose

Our former marriage ? Ah, I wrong him much,

He is a holy and religious Man :

I will not entertaine so bad a thought.

What if I should be stifled in the Toomb ?

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Awake an houre before the appointed time :
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dafh out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I fee
My Cofin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo* : stay *Tybalt* stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.



Enter Nurfe with hearbs, Mother.

Moth : Thats well faid Nurfe, fet all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap : Make haft, make haft, for it is almoft day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur : Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be ficke anone.

Cap : I warrant thee Nurfe I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth : I you haue beene a moufe hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap : A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood : How now firra ?
What haue you there ?

Ser : Forfooth Logs.

Cap : Goe, goe choofe dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou fhalt fetch them.

Ser : Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
choofe

The excellent Tragedie

choofe a Log.

Exit.

Cap : Well goe thy way, thou fhalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haft call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muficke ftraight.
Gods me hees come, Nurfe call vp my daughter.

Nur : Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birde? faft I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take
you in your bed: yee fleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie *Paris* hath fet vp his reft that you fhall reft
but little. What lambe I fay, faft fill: what Lady, Loue,
what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how foud fhe fleeps? Nay
then I fee I muft wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, fome *Aqua vitæ* hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth : How now whats the matter?

Nur : Alack the day, fhees dead, fhees dead, fhees dead.

Moth : Accurft, vnhappy, miferable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap : Come, come, make haft, wheres my daughter?

Moth : Ah fhees dead, fhees dead.

Cap : Stay, let me fee, all pale and wan.
Accurft time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par : What is the bride ready to goe to Church?

Cap : Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as fhe is,
Deflowered by him, fee, where fhe lyes,

Death

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

Par : Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodigies ?
Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am :
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap : O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry : And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap : Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life ?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depride of fence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

Cap : O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desir'd to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depride by fuddaine destinie.

Moth : O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue ?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr : O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

The excellent Tragedie

Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarfe,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,
Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.*

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me
some mery dumpe.
1. A fir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.
1. What will you giue us?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,
1 Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her filuer found,
Why filuer found? Why filuer found?
1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet found.
Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?

of Romeo and Iuliet.

2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.

Ser : Prettie too : come, what say you?

3. I say nothing.

Ser : I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you haue fildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell.

Exit.

1. Farewell and be hangd : come lets goe.

Exeunt.



Enter Romeo.

Rom : If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame presagde some good euent to come.
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead :
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe :
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

Balt : Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepest in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

Rom : Is it euen so? then I desie my Starres.

The excellent Tragedie

Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horfe,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

Balt : Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare :
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

Rom : Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horfe : stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecharie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes :
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a shew.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought :
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need : and here about he dwels.
Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo : VVho calls, what would you sir ?

Rom : Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.

Apo : Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom :

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Rom : Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law :
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

Apo : My pouertie but not my will consents.

Rom : I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

Apo : Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

Rom : Hold, take this gold, worfe poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hie thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue : for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.



Enter Frier Iohn.

John : VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho ?

Laur : This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come ?

Iohn : Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind :
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.

Laur : VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo* ?

Iohn : I haue them still, and here they are.

Laur : Now, by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently

As

The excellent Tragedie

A spade and mattocke.

John : Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur : Now must I to the Monument alone,
Leaft that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie. *Exit.*



*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete water.*

Par : Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare clofe to the hollow
ground.

And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy : I will my Lord.

Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par : Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
bed :

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,

The perfect modell of eternitie :

Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doft remaine,

Accept this latest fauour at my hands,

That liuing honourd thee, and being dead

With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a
a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

Par.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Par : The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What curfed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites ?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom : Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching I-
ron.

And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vse
In deare employment. but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

Balt : Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom : So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balt : Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom : Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morfell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par : This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues cofen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be pursued further then death ?
I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

Rom : I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

The excellent Tragedie

Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe :
For I come hyther armede against my selfe,

Par : I doe defie thy coniurations :
And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

Rom : What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy : O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par : Ah I am flaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom : Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, noble County *Paris* ?
What said my man, when my betossed foule
Did not regard him as we past along.
Did he not say *Paris* should haue married
Iuliet ? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue about thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant ? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue ?
O I beleeeue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne or
The dashing rockes thy sea-ficke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary :
Thy drugs are swift : thus with a kisse I dye.

Falls.

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.



Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.

Whose there ?

Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.

Fr : Who is it that comforts so late the dead,
What light is yon ? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument ?

Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.

Fr. Who is it ?

Man : *Romeo.*

Fr : How long hath he beene there ?

Man : Full halfe an houre and more.

Fr : Goe with me thether.

Man : I dare not fir, he knowes not I am heere :
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

Fr : Then must I goe : my minde presafgeth ill.

Fryer floops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument ?

What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons ?

Ah me I doubt, whose heere ? what *Romeo* dead ?

Who and *Paris* too ? what vnluckie houre

Is acceffary to so foule a finne ?

Iuliet rises.

The Lady sturres.

The excellent Tragedie

Ah comfortable Fryer.

I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.

Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare some noife at hand,
We shall be taken, *Paris* he is flaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will provide for you in some close Nunery.

Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

Fr: I heare some noife, I dare not stay, come, come.

Iul: Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.

Iul: I, noife? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and fallles.



Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See friends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Capitaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter one with Romets Man.

1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.

Capt : Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin : What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.

Capt : O noble Prince, see here

Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warne and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewise newly flaine.

Prin : Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Entor olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo : What rumor's this that is so early vp ?

Moth : The people in the freetes crie *Romeo*,
And some on *Iuliet* : as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.

Capo : See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke :
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin : Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

Mount : Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too :
What further mischiefe can there yet be found ?

Prin : First come and see, then speake.

Mount : O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.

Prin : Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
Of such a hainous and feld scene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspection.

Fr : I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

The excellent Tragedie

And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet here flaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant :
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this unhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomefday : for which *Romeo*
VVas banished from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father fought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris* : But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent ; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
VVhat so her Father fought to force her too :
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my prefence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead :
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *John*)
Seeking a Brother to affociate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas stayd by the Searchers of the Towne,
But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
That *Juliet* was deceafde, returnde in post
Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep :
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.

By

of Romeo and Iuliet.

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrificed some houre before his time,
To the most strickeſt rigor of the Law.

Pry : VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he ſay in this ?

Balth : I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.

Prin : Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Countieſ Boy that calld the VVatch ?

Boy : I brought my Maſter vnto *Iuliets* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.

Prin : Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountague*.
VVhere are theſe enemies ? ſee what hate hath done,

Cap : Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry : for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.

Moun : But I will giue them more, I will er &t
Her ſtatue of pure golde :
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.

Cap : As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

Prin : A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed :
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*

FINIS.

Romeo and Juliet.

Reprint of Q^o 2. 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

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Series II. No. 3.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

NOTICE.

Romeo and Juliet.

Q₂, 1599.

THIS reproduction of the first complete edition of *Romeo and Juliet* has been printed directly from the facsimile prepared by Mr E. W. Ashbee, under the direction of Mr J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), and has been carefully compared with the Quarto in the British Museum (Press mark, C. 12. g. 18). It is printed line for line, and page for page, with the original.

With the exception of the facsimile above-mentioned, and the reprint in Prof. Tycho Mommsen's parallel-text edition, published at Oldenburg, in 1859, no other reproduction of this, the most important of the old editions, has ever been made, and as but a very limited number of the facsimile was printed, and in a very costly form, this may be said to be the first time that it has been placed within reach of the English public. Mommsen's reprint was apparently made from a corrected copy of Steevens's reprint of Q^o 1609 (Q₃ of Cambridge Editors), and almost necessarily partakes of the peculiarities of that edition. It has however been of great use to me in my endeavour to secure accuracy in this reprint.

For the loan of his valuable copy of the facsimile the Society is greatly indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens.

P. A. DANIEL.

THE
MOST EX=
cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of Romeo

and *Iuliet*.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended:*

As it hath bene fundry times publiquely acted, by the
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to
be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.

1599.

The Prologue.

Corus.

T*wo households both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane :
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life :
whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.
The fearfull passage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage :
which but their childrens end nought could remoue :
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what heare shall misse, our toyle shall striue to mend.*





THE MOST EX- cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

*Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the
house of Capulet.*

S *Amp. Gregorie, on my word wee le not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.*

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, wee le draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.

Samp. I strike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moues me.

*Grego. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.*

*Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mounta-
gues.*

*Grego. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes
to the wall.*

*Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessels
are euer thrust to the wall: therfore I wil push Mountagues men
from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.*

*Greg. The quarell is betweene our maisters, and vs their
men.*

*Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my felfe a tyrant, when I haue
fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut
off their heads.*

a—Q2.

I

A 3

Grego. The

The most lamentable Tragedie

Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sence that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand , and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other seruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite my thumbe at vs fir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe fir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs fir?

Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No fir, I do not bite my thumbe at you fir , but I bite my thumbe fir.

Greg. Do you quarell fir?

Abra. Quarell fir, no fir.

Sã. But if you do fir, I am for you, I serue as good a mã as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well fir.

Enter Benuolio.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

Sam. Yes better fir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing blowe.

They fight.

Benuo. Part fooles , put vp your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among these hartlesse hindes ?
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword,
or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace ? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee :
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyfons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partifons, strike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

Capu. What noyse is this ? giue me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And florishes his blade in sight of me.

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. Wife. 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellois subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned steele,
Will they not heare ? what ho, you men, you beasts :
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines :
On paine of torture from those bloudie hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,
Cast by their graue befeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

The most lamentable Tragedie

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away :
You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case :
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place :
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who set this auncient quarell new abroad ?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?

Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword preparte,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne :
While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side :
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I meafuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be
Being one too many by my wearie selfe, (found :
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,

With

of Romeo and Iuliet.

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe fighes,
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night :
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cause ?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes ?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counfeller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from founding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greuance or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.

Romeo. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long :
Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was : what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres ?

B

Rom. Not

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thē short.

Ben. In loue.

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tirannous and rough in prooffe.

Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will :
Where shall we dine ? ô me ! what fray was here ?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all :
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue :
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created :
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanitie,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeft thou not laugh ?

Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good hart at what ?

Benu. At thy good harts oppression.

Romeo. Why such is loues transgression :
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preast,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of fighes,
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else ? a madnesse, most discreete,
A choking gall, and a preferuing sweete :
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will go along :
And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue ?

Ro. What shall I grone and tell thee ?

Ben. Grone, why no : but sadly tell me who ?

Ro. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will :

A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill :

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aymde so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.

Ro. A right good mark man, and shees faire I loue.

Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.

Romeo. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit :

And in strong prooue of chastitie well armd,

From lous weak childish bow she liues vncharmd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eies.

Nor ope her lap to fainct seducing gold,

O she is rich, in bewtie onely poore,

That when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.

Ben. Thē she hath sworn, that she wil stil liue chaste ?

Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge waste :

For bewtie steru'd with her feueritie,

Cuts bewtie off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,

To merit blisse by making me dispaire :

Shee hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,

Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.

Ro. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,

Examine other bewties.

Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquifit) in question more,

These happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,

Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire :

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

The most lamentable Tragedie

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire :
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long :
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute ?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a straunger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.

Pari. Younger then she, are happie mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made :
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth :
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her consent, is but a part.
And shee agreed, within her scope of choise
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce :
This night I hold, an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guesst :
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more :
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light :
Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see :

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

And like her most, whose merit most shall bee :
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go firrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his last, the fisher with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
On paine is lesned by an others anguish,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning :
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish :
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee ?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is :
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read ?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke :
But I pray can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Yee say honeftly, rest you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

The most lamentable Tragedie

He reades the Letter.

S *Seigneur Martino, & his wife and daughters : Countie Anselmē
and his beutious sisters : the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur
Placentio, and his louely Neece : Mercutio and his brother Va-
lentine : mine Vncle Capulet his wife and daughters : my faire Neece
Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cofen Tybalt : Lucio
and the liuely Hellena.*

A faire assemblée, whither should they come ?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper ?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house ?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great
rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I
pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues :
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier :
And these who often drownde, could neuer die,
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all seeing Sun,
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poyfd with her selfe in either eye :
But in that Christall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue against some other maide :
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along w^o such fight to be showne,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,
Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talk in secreet. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembered mee, thou'lt heare our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night, shal she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weaned Ineuer, shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doo beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand hylone, nay byth roode she could haue run and wailed all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God bewith
his

The most lamentable Tragedie

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and ſaid I: to ſee now how a ieſt ſhall come about: I warrant, and I ſhould liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie foole it ſinted, and ſaid I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, and ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels ſtone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not Iule? It ſinted, and ſaid I.

Iuli. And ſint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*, How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teate.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme, Are made alreadie mothers by my count. I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares That you are now a maide, thus then in brieſe: The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. *Verona*s Sommer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt, Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content :
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound loue,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide :
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie :
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue ?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald,
my young Lady askt for, the *Nurse* curst in the Pantrie, and e-
uerie thing in extremitie : I must hence to wait, I beseech you
follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

Nur. Go gyrl, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with foue or fixe other

Maskers, torchbearers.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?
Or shall we on without appologie ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

C

Being

The most lamentable Tragedie

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gētle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

Ro. Not I beleeeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a foule of Leade
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And fore with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
To fore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I fincke.

Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyfrous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,

A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities :
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.

Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles :

For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.

Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables own word
If thou art dun, wee draw thee from the mire
Or faue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

Ro. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane fir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day :
Take our good meaning, for our indgement fits,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aske ?

Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Ro. Well what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Ro. In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you :

She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger thē an Agot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep : her waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs : the couer, of the wings of Grafhoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collors of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner , a small grey coated Gnat, not half so big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hasel nut, Made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers : and in this state she gallops night by night, throgħ louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies frait, ore Lawyers fingers who frait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who frait one kisses dream, which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues , because their breath with sweete meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smelling out a sute : and sometime comes she with a tithepigs tale, tickling a Persons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a fouldriers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades : Of healths fine fadome deepe , and then anon drums in his eare , at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frightened, sweares a praier or two & sleeps againe : this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night : and bakes the Ellocks in foule fluttish haire , which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

The most lamentable Tragedie

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preffes them and learns them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage :
This is she.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames :
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie :
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North :
And being angered puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clofde in my brest :
By some vile fofreit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute, on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with
Napkins.*

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helps not to take away ?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher ?

1. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioyntstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, saue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and
Nell, Anthonie and *Potpan*.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

2. I boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and fought for in the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you :
Ah my misteffes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,
She Ile sweare hath Corns : am I come neare ye now ?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :
Such as would please : tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.

Musick playes and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp :
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well :
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes :
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a maske ?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio* :
Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will,
Some fve and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder fir :
His sonne is thirtie.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that ?
His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

a—Q2.

2

C 3

Romeo. What

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight ?

Ser. I know not fir.

Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright :
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night :
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Bewtie too rich for vse, for earth too deare :
So shoves a snowie Doue trooping with Crôwes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shoves :
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forswear it fight,
For I nere saw true bewtie till this night.

Tit. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie ?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme

Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe : (you so ?
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.

Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.

Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman :
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire prefence, and put off these frownes,
An illbefeeeming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Ile not endure him.

Capu. He shall be endured.

What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the master here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:
You wil fet cock a hoope, youle be the man.

Ti. Why Vncle, tis a shame.

Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcie boy, ift so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well said my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bittrest gall. *Exit.*

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrōg your hād too much
Which mannerly deuocion shoues in this,
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in praire.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praieris sake.

Ro. Then moue not while my praieris effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is purgd.

Iu. Thē haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, ô trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue

The most lamentable Tragedie

Giue me my fin againe.

Iuli. Youe kisse bith booke.

Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

Ro. What is her mother ?

Nurf. Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,
I Nurft her daughter that you talkt withall :
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.

Ro. Is she a *Capulet* ?

O deare account ! my life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away begon, the sport is at the best.

Ro. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards :
Is it ene so ? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeft gentlemen, good night :
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither Nurfe, what is yond gentleman ?

Nurf. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore ?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dāce ?

Nur. I know not.

Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurf. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enimie.

Iuli. My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a loathed enimie.

Nurf. Whats tis ? whats tis.

Iu. A

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.

One calcs within Iuliet.

Nurf. Anon, anon :
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes :
But to his foe supposd he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes :
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceffe
To breathe such vowes as louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where :
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme sweete,

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cosen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio* :

Nay Ile coniure too.

Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, passion louer,
Appaere thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but on rime and I am fatisfied :
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,

The most lamentable Tragedie

Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raise a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire & honeſt, in his miſtres name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night :
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.

Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, o that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go ?

Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Exit.

Ro. He jeaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is alreadie ficke and pale with greefe,

That

of Romeo and Iuliet.

That thou her maide art far more faire then she :
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestfall liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off :
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that ?
Her eye discourfes, I will answere it :
I am too bold, tis not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night :
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iu. Ay me.

Ro. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name :
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Ro. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this ?

Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enimie :
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
Whats *Mountague* ? it is nor hand nor foote,

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name
Belonging to a man.

Whats in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in
So stumblest on my counsell? (night

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I
My name deare faint, is hatefull to my selfe, (am :
Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Iuli. How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherefore ?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kismen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch these
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iu. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie.

Iuli. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Ro. I

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore wafeth with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise.

Iu. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farwell complement.
Doeft thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearest,
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.
They say *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest think my behavior light,
But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.

Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these frute tree tops.

Iu. O swear not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

The most lamentable Tragedie

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I sweare by?

Iu. Do not sweare at all :

Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile belecue thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

Iu. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee :
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduised, too fudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight :
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

Ro. Th'exchange of thy louses faithful vow for mine.

Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it :
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?

Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite :
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue :
Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true :
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.

Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By

of Romeo and Iuliet.

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon : but if thou meanest not well,
I do befeech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my grieve,
To morrow will I fend.

Ro. So thriue my foule.

Iu. A thoufand times goodnight.

Ro. A thoufand times the worfe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iuli, Hift *Romeo* hift, δ for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taffel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Caue where *Eccho* lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Ro. It is my foule that calls vpon my name.
How filuer sweete, found louers tongues by night,
Like softest musicke to attending eares.

Iu. *Romeo.*

Ro. My Neece.

Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I fend to thee ?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forget why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Iu. I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird, That

The most lamentable Tragedie

That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a filken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.

Ro. I would I were thy bird.

Iu. Sweete so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheelles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

(night,

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheelles:
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vfill this ofier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true quallities:

For

of Romeo and Iuliet.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue :
Nor ought so good but strained from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power :
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted, staies all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will :
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Ro. Goodmorrow father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me ?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed :
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye :
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuffed braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vproufd with some distemperature :
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline* ?

Ro. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

Fri. Thats my good son, but wher hast thou bin the ?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :
I haue bene feasting with mineemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me :

E

Thats

The most lamentable Tragedie

Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here ?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken ? young mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline* ?
How much salt water throwne away in waste,
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares :
Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.

Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Ro. And badst me burie loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell :
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one respect ile thy assistant be :
For this alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your households rancor to pure loue.

Ro. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night ?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*,
Torments him so, that he will fure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kisman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he wil answere the letters maifter how he dares, being dared.

Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue fong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-thaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Ty-balt* ?

Ro. Why what is *Tybalt* ?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements : he fights as you sing prickfong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two, and the third in your bosome : the very butcher of a filke but-ton, a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

The most lamentable Tragedie

first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent : by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamẽtable thing graundſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtraunge flies : theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardons mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot fit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo,

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified ? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in : *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her : *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots : *Thisbie* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French ſalutation to your French ſlop : you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you ?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue ?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours, conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Ro. A moſt curtuous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Ro O fingle folde ieaft, folie fingular for the fingleneffe.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and furs, fwits and furies, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoofe chafe, I am done :
For thou haft more of the wildgoofe in one of thy wits, then I
am fure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the
goofe ?

Ro. Thou waft neuer with me for any thing, when thou waft
not there for the goofe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaft.

Rom. Nay good goofe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitterweeting, it is a moft fharp fawce.

Rom. And is it not then well feru'd in to a sweete goofe ?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ftretches from an
ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I ftretch it out for that word broad, which added to the
goofe, proues thee farre and wide a broad goofe.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now
art thou fociable, now art thou *Romeo* : now art thou what thou
art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a
great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable
in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ftop there.

Mer. Thou defireft me to ftop in my tale againft the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldft elfe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it fhort, for I
was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to
occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurfe and her man.*
A fayle, a fayle.

Mer. Two two, a fhert and a fmocke.

Nur. Peter :

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leffe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well faid, for himselfe to mar quoth a? Gêlemê cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he fir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare fir, vnelessè a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.

But a hare that is hore, is too much for a score, when it hores ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee le to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you fir, what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Ro. A gentleman Nurfe, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: scurvie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand

of Romeo and Iuliet.

stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon shuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw affoone as an other man, if I see occasion in a goodquarel, & the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you fir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my felse: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaiour as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dooest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her deuise some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone fir, well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay good Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell be trustie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you fir.

Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keep counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well fir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard : but ſhe good ſoule had as leeu ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him : I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world, doth not *Rofemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R.*

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the pretieſt ſententious of it, of you and *Rofemarie*, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter.*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo :
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings :
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affectiones and warme youthfull bloud,

She

of Romeo and Iuliet.

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.

M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, flowe, heaunie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweete Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iauunce haue I?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hafte, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be bet-
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet
they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but ile
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, serue
God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

The most lamentable Tragedie

My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe :
Beshewe your heart for fending me about
To catch my death with iaulsing vp and downe.

Iu. Ifaith I am forrie that thou art not well.

Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what fayes my loue ?

Nur. Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrañt a vertuous, where is your mother ?

Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher shuld she be ?
How odly thou repliest :

Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother ?

Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones :
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Iu. Heres such a coyle, come what saies *Romeo* ?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day ?

Iu. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staves a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes :
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Must climbe a birds neast soone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight :
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

of Romeo and Iuliet.

That one short minute giues me in her fight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder :
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the goffamours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excessse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone, (worke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad :
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
daies, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters
the confines of a *Tauerne*, claps me his sword vpon the table,
and sayes, God send me no need of thee : and by the operation
of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there
is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as
any in *Italie* : and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone
moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too ?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none
shortly, for one would kill the other : thou, why thou wilt
quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his
beard, then thou hast : thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking
Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hase eyes :
what eye, but such an eye would spie out such a quarrel ? thy head
is as full of quarells, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy
head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling : thou
hast quareld with a man for scoffing in the streete, because hee
hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-
fore Easter, with an other for tying his new shooes with olde ri-
band, and yet thou wilt tute me from quarelling ?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should
buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with something, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you wil giue me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou confortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Confort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres my fiddlestick, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds confort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd fir if he weare your luerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

The most lamentable Tragedie

Alla stucatho carries it away,

Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your fword out of his pilcher by the eares? make hafte, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons, Gentlemen, for shame forbearc this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath

Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both houses, I am sped,

Is he gone and hath nothing.

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough, Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, founds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and foundly, to your houses.

Exit.

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staine
With *Tybalts* flander, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* flaine,
Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* foule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie :
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Ty. Thou wretched boy that didst cōfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt fallles.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone :
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* flaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay ?

Erit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio* ?

Tybalt that murtherer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp fir, go with me :

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all :

The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kisman, braue *Mercutio*.

Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, fhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudie fray ?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeos* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high displeafure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steele at bold *Mercutios* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other fends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whose dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His

of Romeo and Iuliet.

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* flaine :
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true :
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue :
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding :
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed feedes,

G

Towards

The most lamentable Tragedie

Towards *Phæbus* lodging, such a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of stainlesse maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmaund blood bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie :
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe :
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possesse it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and every tongue that speaks
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence :
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur. I, I, the cords.

Iu. Ay me what news? why dost thou wring thy hāds?

Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*?

Iu. What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* flaine himfelfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be flaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, founds, determine my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous coarfe, a bloudie piteous coarfe,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I founded at the sight.

Iu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,
To prifon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth refigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beare.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had,
O courteous *Tybalt*, honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Iu. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
'Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.

Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand shead *Tibalts* bloud?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Iu. Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous douefeatherd rauē, woluish rauening lamb,
Despised substance of diuineſt ſhowe:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimme faint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradife of ſuch ſweete fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? ô that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.

Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome *Aqua-vitæ*:
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Rômeo*.

Iu. Blifterd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?

Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?

Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue flaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slain my husband :
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then ?
Some word there was, worfer then *Tybalts* death
That mured me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to finners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished :
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath flaine ten thousand *Tybalts* : *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there :
Or if fower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished : to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All flaine, all dead : *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, meafure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my father and my mother Nurse ?

Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* courfe,
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares ? mine shall be
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment. (spent,
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exile :
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is :

The most lamentable Tragedie

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
He to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts :
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Ro. Father what newes ? what is the Princes doome ?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such fowre companie ?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome ?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment ? be mercifull, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe :
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misferr'd, calling death banished,
Thou cuttst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

of Romeo and Iuliet.

This is deare mercie, and thou seeft it not.

Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,
And litle moufe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie.

More honourable ftate, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo* : they may feaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ftiale immortall bleffing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veftall modettie
Still blufh, as thinking their owne kifles fin.
This may flies do, when I from this muft flie,
And fayeft thou yet, that exile is not death ?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banifhed.

Flies may do this, but I from this muft flie :
They are freemen, but I am banifhed.
Hadft thou no poyfon mixt, no fharp ground knife,
No fudden meane of death, though nere fo meane,
But banifhed to kill me : Banifhed ?

O Frier, the damned vfe that word in hell :
Howling attends it, how haft thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghoftly Confeffor,
A fin obfoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banifhed ?

Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little fpeake.

Ro. O thou wilt fpeake againe of banifhment.

Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerfities fweete milke, Philofophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banifhed.

Ro. Yet banifhed ? hang vp philofophie,
Vleffe Philofophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerfe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I fee, that mad man haue no eares.

Ro. How fhould they when that wife men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let

The most lamentable Tragedie

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feelee,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of harticke grones,
Myst-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.

Slud knock.

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simpleness is this? I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? whats your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pitious prediccament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir, deaths the end of all.

Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet* ? how is it with her ?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue ?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curf'd hand
Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge ? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy forme cries out thou art :
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt* ? wilt thou sleigh thy selfe ?
And sleigh thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe ?
Why raylest thou on thy birth ? the heauen and earth ?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vfurur aboundst in all :
And vnest none in that true vse indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit :
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,

The most lamentable Tragedie

Digressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both :
Like powder in a skilleffe souldiers flaske,
Is fet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaued and fullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue :
Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentieth hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is :
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir :
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here stands al your state :
Either be gone before the watch be fet,
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here :
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so brieft to part with thee :
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night :
I promise you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

Paris. These times of wo affoord no times to wooe :
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night shees mew'd vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my chilles loue : I thinke she will me rulse
In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me ? on wendfday next.
But soft, what day is this ?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendfday is too soone,
A thurfday let it be, a thurfday tell her

The most lamentable Tragedie

She shall be married to this noble Earle :
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much :
Therefore wee le haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday ?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Ca. Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then :
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iu. Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet neare day :
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the feuring cloudes in yonder East :
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I :
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

Tis

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to go :
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my foule ? lets talke it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away :
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision :
This doth not so : for she diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too :
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our
woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iu. Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell :

I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe ?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourfes in our times to come.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-fight failes, or thou lookest pale.

Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you :
Drie sorrow drinckes our blood. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith ? be fickle Fortune :
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp ?

Iu. Who ist that calls ? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early ?
What vnaccustomd cause procures her hither ?

La. Why how now *Iuliet* ?

Iu. Madam I am not well.

La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death ?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares ?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue :
Therefore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.

Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.

La. Wel gyrl, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.

Iu. What villaine Madam ?

La. That same villaine *Romeo*.

Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder :
God padon, I do with all my heart :
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.

Iu. I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands :
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.

La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame banniſht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtomed dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* companie :
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatiſfied.

Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatiſfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinfman vext :
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it :
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughterd him.

Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find ſuch a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needie time,
What are they, beſeech your Ladyſhip ?

M. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that ?

M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be husband comes to wooe :

I pray

The most lamentable Tragedie

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
It shal be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe :
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drifle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
Euermore showring in one litle body ?
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is :
Saying in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree ?

La. I sir, but she will none, she giue you thanks,
I would the foole were married to her graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none ? doth she not giue vs thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride ?

Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue :
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this ?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you ?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church :
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Iu. Good Father, I befeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I fee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her :
Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her :
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wifdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your goffips go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gofhips bowle,
For here we need it not.

Wi. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would with a man
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue :
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

The most lamentable Tragedie

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my foule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good :
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie fitting in the cloudes
That sees into the bottome of my greefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me :
Alack, alack, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What sayst thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to
That he dares nere come back to challenge you : (nothing,
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman :
Romios a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very hart,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I thinke you are happie in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vse of him.

Iu. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too, else beshrew them both.

Iu. Amen.

Nur. What?

Iu. Well thou hast comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confesion, and to be obsolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iu. Auncient damnation, ô most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday fir: the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now fir, her father counts it daungerous
That she do giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdome hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why I should be flow'd.
Looke fir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

Iu. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.

Iu. What must be shall be.

Fri. Thats a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iu. To aunswere that, I should confesse to you.

Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.

Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.

Iu. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poor soule thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,

For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrongst it more then tears with that report.

Iu. That is no flaunder fir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast flander'd it.

Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leifure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leifure serues me penfue daughter now,
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may proroque it,

On

of Romeo and Iuliet.

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it :
If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,
And with this knife ile helpe it presently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald :
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this shall slea them both :
Therefore out of thy long experient time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring :
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapst with death, himselfe to scape from it :
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are : chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shanks and yelow chapels sculls :
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

The most lamentable Tragedie

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wendſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe but ſurceaſe,
No warmth, no breſt ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade:
Too many aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiſſe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroom in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
Is thy beſt robes vncoverd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolute, ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford :
Farewell deare father. (Exit.

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Seruing men, two or three.*

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill fir, for ile trie if they can lick their
fingers.

Capu. How canst thou trie them so ?

Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fin-
gers : therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with
me.

Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time :
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence* ?

Nur. I forfooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuisish selfewield harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.

Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding ?

Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,

To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.

Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iu. I met the youthfull Lord-at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,
This is aft should be, let me see the Countie :
I marrie go I fay and fetch him hither.

Now

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

Iu. Nurse, will you go with me into my Clofet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysones,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

Iu. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life :
He call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here ?
My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.
Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all ?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning ?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Leaft in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt :
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault ?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, spirits resort :
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad :
O if I walke, shall I not be diftraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts ?

K

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices Nurse.

Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.
The Curfew bell hath rung, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.

La. I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse

Ca. A ieaious hood, a ieaious hood, now fellow, what is there?

*Enter three or foure with spits and logs,
and Baskets.*

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

Ca. Make haste, make haste firra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horfon, ha,
Twou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.

Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make hafte,
Make hafst, the bridgroom, he is come already, make hafst I say.

Nur. Miftris, what miftris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you fluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride :
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen : how found is she a sleepe :
I needs must wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be ?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.

Mo. What noife is here ?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter ?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day !

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee :

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shees dead : decaft, shees dead, alack the day.

M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Her bloud is fetled, and her ioyns are stiffe :
Life and these lips haue long bene separated
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost,
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nur. O lamentable day !

Mo. O wofull time !

Fa. Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ?

Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Par. Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this ?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther, our solemnitie ?
O childe, O childe, my foule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,
In these confusions heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The most you fought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church :
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall :
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast :
Our solemne himnes to fullen dyrges change :
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse :
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go fir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue :
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill :
Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Fid. I my my troath, the case may be amended.

Exit omnes.

Enter

The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.

Fidler. Why harts ease?

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it felse plaies my hart is
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full :

Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.

Minst. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa (pate.
You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Answere me like men. (yron dagger.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with
her filuer found.

Why filuer found, why musique, with her filuer found, what say
you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary sir, because filuer hath a sweet found.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. *M.* I say filuer found, because Musitions found for filuer.

Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames found poss?

3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.
I will say for you, it is musique with her filuer found,
Because Musitions haue no gold for founding :
Then Musique with her filuer found with speedy help doth
lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same ?

M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weelee in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes *L.* fits lightly in his throne :
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe posselt
When but loues shadoves are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier ?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well :
How doth my Lady *Iuliet* ? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepest in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office fir.

Rom. Is it in so ? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you fir, haue patience :
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misaduenture.

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Haft

The most lamentable Tragedie

Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier ?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night :
Lets see for meanes, O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And hereabouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones :
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuff, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie feedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie.

Appo. Who calls so lowd

Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be dischargd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starneth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe :
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich :
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

Poti. My pouertie, but not my will consents.

Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.

Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twentie men, it would dispatch you straight.

Ro. There is thy Gold, worfe poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore cōpounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliet*s graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This fame should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to affotiate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

L

Law. Who

The most lamentable Tragedie

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo* ?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger : Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother ile goⁿ and bring it thee.

(Exit.)

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, close in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene :
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.

Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe :

Nightly

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curfed foote wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearest or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face :
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring : a Ring that I must vse,
In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone :
But if thou iealous dost returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims :
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendshid, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this fame, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morfell of the earth :
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more foode.

Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That mured my loues Cozin, with which greefe

The most lamentable Tragedie

It is supposed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague* :
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armed against my selfe :
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.

O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*,

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betroffed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke,
He burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth :
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feasting prefence full of light.

Death

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyeft thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thine enemy?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleene,
Shall I beleue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I still will staie with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I fet vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe,
and Spade.*

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?

Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

Frier. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

Man. It doth so holy fir, and theres my maister, one that you

Frier. Who is it? (loue.

Man. *Romeo.*

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not fir.

My Maister knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnthriftie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my maister slew him.

Frier. *Romeo.*

Alack alack, what bloud is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these maisterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale! who else, what *Paris* too?
And sleept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Frier. I heare some noyfe Lady, come from that nest

Of

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradiþ
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead :
And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes :
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup clofd in my true lounes hand?
Poison I see hath bin his timelesse end :
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.

Iuli. Yea noife? then ile be brieft. O happy dagger
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me dye.

Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.

Watch. The ground is bloudie, searþ about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull fight, heere lies the Countie flaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead :
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raife vp the *Mountagues*, some others searþ,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.

Chief. watch. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepes,

We

The most lamentable Tragedie

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.

Chief watch. A great fuspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capels.

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warne and new kild. (comes.)

Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds!
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it misheathd in my daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

And know their spring, their head, their true discent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Frier. I am the greatest able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murder :
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife :
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You to remoue that siege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meane
To rid her from this second mariage :
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, *Frier Iohn*,
Was stayd by accident, and yesternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

The most lamentable Tragedie

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience :
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not go with me .
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurse is priuie :
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my maister newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raifd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grane,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Potheccarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*. *Mountague*?

See

of Romeo and Iuliet.

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punished.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

Capel. As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head :
Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a *Storie* of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

F I N I S.





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